

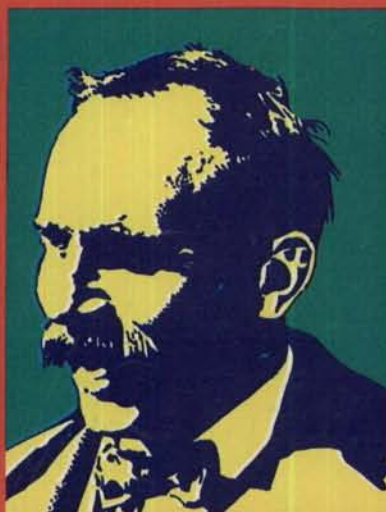
PSYCHIATRY
AS WITCHCRAFT
- PAGE 469

NATIONAL REVIEW

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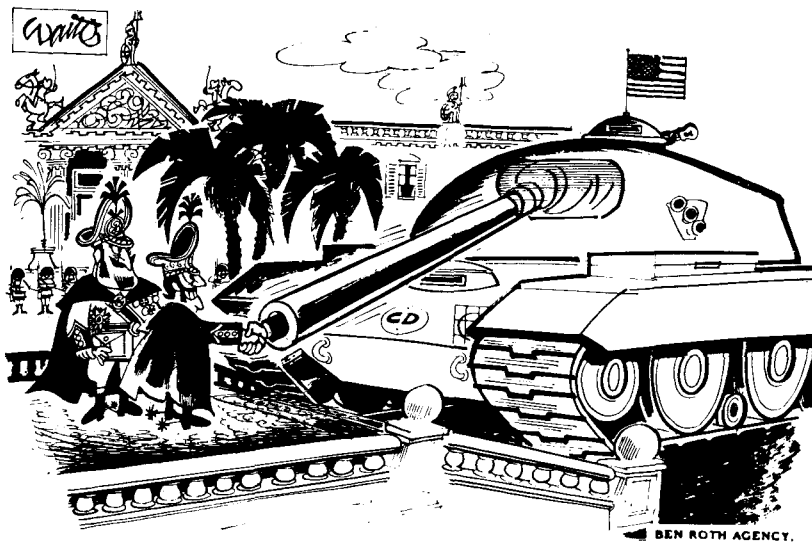
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FOR THE RECORD

■ Not worried: Republican Senator **Paul Fannin** of Arizona. The only strong contender for his job, former Interior Secretary **Stewart Udall**, apparently has decided against running this year. . . . Plenty worried: Sen. **Harrison Williams** of New Jersey, who faces tight primary fight plus probable opposition in November by N.J. Republican Party Chairman **Nelson Gross**. Gross managed **William Cahill's** surprising and convincing smash victory over former Gov. **Robert Meyner** last year. . . . Getting more complicated: In Tennessee, folksinger **Johnny Cash** (fresh from his appearance at the White House) has thrown his support to former cowboy star **Tex Ritter**. Ritter and Rep. **William Brock** will fight it out in August primary to see who will take on Sen. **Albert Gore** in November. . . . Notable omissions: fund appeal letter signed by Sen. **George McGovern** to raise money for Democratic senators this fall mentions sixteen of the 25 up for re-election. Not mentioned, predictably, are all the Southerners (except **Ralph Yarborough** of Texas) but also such staunch liberals as **Pastore** of R.I., **Montoya** of N. Mex., **Jackson** of Wash.—presumably purged for hawkism.

■ It was "Time, Gentlemen" for the **Vietnam Moratorium Committee** in Washington last week (see "The Week"). The Committee is \$50,000 in debt and just wasn't getting those \$5 and \$10 contributions it needed to stay alive, so it's closing up shop. Coordinator **Marge Sklencar** gives two



"Señor Ambassador, I presume . . ."

reasons: 1) much of this same money is now going to individual peace candidates, 2) the pollution issue "which seems to be the latest political fad" is getting it. . . . Moratorium organizer **Sam Brown**—**Gene McCarthy's** original whizkid—has been saying for a couple of months that the day of the mass demonstration is over: "It is very difficult for people to relate these days to other people being in the street."

■ Latest inter-Left rumble has seen *Guardian* star reporter **Randy Furst**—one of the founders of **SDS**—announce his formal adherence to **Young Socialist Alliance** and move to socialist *Militant* as its star reporter. . . . *Militant*, which is against scattergun violence, gives **Jerry Rubin's** *Do It!* a bad review. It's "shallow, superficial and to borrow a Rubinism, 'b-----.'" . . . *Guardian* reports that 265 American artists and writers (unidentified) have sent an open letter to **Picasso** asking him to remove his "Guernica" from the Museum of Modern Art as a protest against the Vietnam war.

■ Everything, but everything is going

up: New York City reports vandalism in its schools is up 20 per cent over '68—it cost \$3.2 million to repair damages in the '69-'70 school year. . . . Nationwide the repair costs of campus rioting between Jan. 1 and August 31, 1969 were \$8.9 million. . . . **Chamber of Commerce** (which gets positive joy in providing this figure) says the average taxpayer will work from Jan. 1 to May 9 this year to earn enough

to pay federal, state and local taxes.

■ Col. **Mobutu** of the Congo (Kinshasa) left for a ten day European medical checkup last week after confirming that there would be elections in November—the people will be able to vote yes or no on a single slate of government candidates. . . . **Tibetan** refugee sources now report that the **Panchen Lama** (the puppet the Red Chinese chose to replace the Dalai Lama, but who refused to play the game) has perished in a Red Chinese labor camp. . . . *Nil nisi bonum* (but irresistible): It's now revealed that **Anna Louise Strong**, who recently died in Peking, aged 84, and who had lived in Russia and China from 1930 on (one-time editor of the *Moscow News*), a dyed-in-the-wool Communist for forty years, had a sizable account with a New York brokerage firm.

■ At last count, Col. **Boumedienne** of Algeria was playing host to 32 different movements of national liberation including the genial one-man National Liberation Front of the Spanish Canary Islands.

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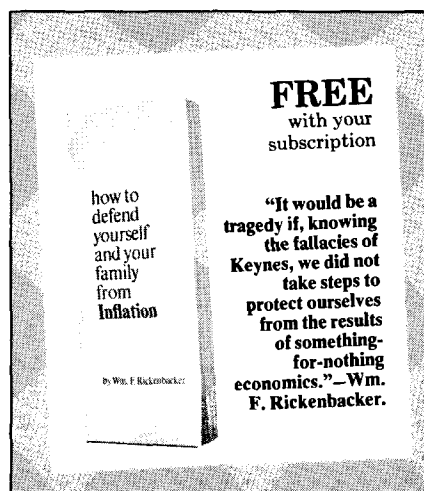
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NR-15

LETTERS

Different Indeed

As a student teacher from Lehman College, I appreciated the frankness of B. E. Patrick's article "Ghetto Schools Are Different" [April 21].

As education students, we are "guided" to read numerous idealized education books—recommended by marvelously liberal professors. I can honestly say I've learned nothing about students from these readings. It is good to see the truth in print for a change, so we may, at least, be a little prepared when we are placed in this type of situation.

I applaud Patrick's frank revelation that these students are criminals, by our standards, in contrast to the liberal belief that these children are all blessed creatures who are "seeking" to be found. There is no longer any room for the dull and unimaginative teacher in our system. Only the hard-working and creative individual can bring the classroom curriculum into focus for these students so that school will be, for them, more than just a place to socialize, groove and have "teacher-torture time."

Bronx, N.Y.

JEAN MELNICK

That's the Point

In his excellent "Heavy Grows the Crown" [April 7] in which he discusses what he properly calls the Indochina war, James Burnham states that the first and crucial flaw in the policy of Vietnamization is "the idea that you can thwart an opponent's purpose, bend his will to yours, without defeating him."

Is this not what the Red world has been doing to us for the last four or more decades? If he would qualify his statement by saying "a Communist's purpose," I would find no fault with his essay.

Los Angeles, Cal.

ROBERT M. TRAHE

Up Mediocrity!

A long-time reader of *NR*, I have just finished reading Mr. Buckley's column [April 21] on Hruska, Carswell and mediocrity. Since it now appears that loyal readers like myself have for many years been shortchanged by the incisive, cogent and often witty and satirical comments of the *NR* staff and, thereby, deprived of the mediocrity defended by Mr. Buckley, I have a few suggestions that may, in small measure, assuage our sense of loss:

Immediately discharge all of the present staff, except Mr. Buckley.

Replace your present contributors and editors with such accomplished examples of mediocrity as Sen. Hruska, Gov.

Lester Maddox and Justice William O. Douglas.

Put Mr. Buckley on probation in the hope that he may eventually achieve consistently the level of mediocrity so brilliantly shown by his column on that subject.

Annandale, Va.

C. B. LARRABEE

Keep the College

I find myself in wholehearted agreement with Mr. Moe's two basic premises ["Let's Keep the Electoral College," April 7]: that democracy functions best when there are two major parties and, that an *indirect selective process*, such as the Electoral College, is a pillar of support to the two-party system. But Mr. Moe fails to discuss, at any length, another indirect selective process: electoral voting according to congressional district.

In the Electoral College, a candidate who loses by few votes in such populous states as New York, California and Pennsylvania loses *all* the electoral votes of these states. Electoral voting according to congressional districts would rid us of the worst effects of this situation. A candidate who loses a populous state by a few votes could still carry a fair share of congressional districts.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

MRS. SARA EPSTEIN

Doom!

For those who have already thought about the threat that proliferating strikes ["Say It with Flowers," April 7] pose to our "intricately intrarelated" society, it is clear that no amount of additional legislation will deter unionists bent on shaking down their fellow citizens. What is there to be afraid of? The law moves slowly, the penalties are picayune, and in the end a higher court can be trusted to reverse all convictions anyway.

Our judicial procedures were designed for a homogeneous society in which transgressors could not dream of support from the public at large. But today, in a social milieu rife with tension and daily growing more fragmented, the remedies of the past are ineffectual—harmful even, in that the average citizen still looking to them for his protection remains passive under attack.

Those who have the intelligence to foresee and the determination to resist will probably prove too few in number. I suggest that dissent of every conceivable kind will continue to swell throughout all the rest of this year, and that the crisis will come sooner than we presently expect. The consequence will be a government of

absolute control, one tolerating no degree of opposition, and most of us (having had a long hard look at anarchy in the interim) will be glad for it.

Los Angeles, Cal.

EUGENE S. COOPER

We won't, thank you.

—ED.

Two Policies?

In your editorial, "Cui Bono?" [March 24], about the closing of the U.S. consulate in Rhodesia, you failed to mention that the United States cast its first veto in the United Nations Security Council to overturn a joint Afro-Asian resolution that called for the destruction of White Rhodesia by armed force. I feel that this decision was very significant, as the U.S. refused to give its blessing to a consummate hypocrisy borne out of the bosom of that allegedly "peace-keeping" world body.

If we will not engage in military sanctions, then it is evident that American and European enterprises will still be able to deal with Rhodesia on the sly. So our decision to close down our consular offices in Rhodesia may have little effect upon the economic situation of that country. If Rhodesia has survived five years of British sanctions, it may very well survive our token outburst of moral indignation.

Flanders, N.J.

NORMAN P. GOLD

I am pleased to note that *NATIONAL REVIEW* has taken a prompt stand against the Nixon Administration's Rhodesian policy. One can hardly find words for such an action which, while unexpected, still cannot be called opportunistic, as you astutely point out. This culmination of our already shoddy Rhodesian stance is meaningless as a gesture, and unjust as an action. It has gained President Nixon no friends, and has made many of us more convinced of the reality of "Tricky Dick." Cambridge, Mass.

MARK A. WUONOLA

Natural Enemies?

I'm afraid Jeffrey Hart, in his review of my book *Natural Enemies? Youth and the Clash of Generations* [April 7], ignored William Buckley's admonition—featured in the book—that "self-control is one of the most exhilarating of pleasures." He struck out wildly and needlessly at reviewer-created strawmen and straw notions. He listed two contributors as "Bobby Himself" and "IKE"; another as "La Sontag"; challenged Lindsay's right to be included because he is not a professional writer (even though Lindsay, Eisenhower and other such were in a section devoted to views of public figures which we ignore at our peril), and suggested near-libelously that one author must have snuck into the volume only on the basis of nepotism. Mr. Hart then set up a most unfair contest, between God's work, a Redwood tree, and man's, this book, which no volume could possibly win.

Contributors to the book include not

just Galbraith, Spock, Mailer and Beatle Lennon, but also Buckley, Kirk, Irving Kristol, Daniel Moynihan, Norman Podhoretz ("I, for one, would be hostile to student power"), John Fischer ("Some of my best friends have been revolutionaries. . . the most unfortunate are those whose revolutions succeeded"), Spencer Brown ("We have been had. . . I ask that we examine our vocabulary, our thinking, our moral nerve"), Lionel Trilling ("For young people now, being political serves the same purpose as being literary has long done—it expresses and validates the personality"), Katherine Anne Porter ("In my time [too] there was a determined effort to identify—or at least confuse—sex with love"), Henry Miller ("The sex revolution will be ruinous . . . a new tyranny of the flesh").

My own lengthy introductory essay to *Natural Enemies*? attempts to outline new channels and forms for citizen-participation, political and social action which might win back disenchanted youth and blacks to the democratic process (or at least help make the political and governmental processes more fairly responsive to the basic needs of the vast majority).

New York, N.Y.

ALEXANDER KLEIN

Atrocity Dept.

You might be interested in these two sentences by Hatem I. Hussaini in his article "Palestine Problem Publications: 1967-68," in *Arab Journal* (New York), Winter-Spring 1969, p. 40: "The few periodicals that are more objective and present articles that defend the Arab case have done so only recently. These include Socialist and Marxist publications such as the *NATIONAL REVIEW*, *New Politics*, *Ramparts*, *World Marxist Review*, and so on."

I have long suspected WFB and *NR* of being slightly pink.

Corvallis, Ore.

EDWARD BRAZEE

Did Alistair Horne [March 24] really mean to compare the American presence in Vietnam and the Israeli presence in Arab lands with the German occupation of Yugoslavia? I don't know how the Israelis feel about that grouping. But I spent a year in the Republic of Vietnam with the U.S. Air Force and although we were occasionally "confronted with terrorism" we sure as hell weren't part of any "occupying force." And *NATIONAL REVIEW* is the last place I expected to find American presence in Vietnam so described.

RAY G. THOMPSON

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Major, USAF

In the April 7 issue of *NATIONAL REVIEW* on the "For the Record" page, you translate the English word "treatises" into German by the German word "*Vereinfachungsbestrebungen*."

The English word "treatises" could best be translated by using the German word "*Abhandlungen*" (plural). The word "*Ve-*

(Continues on page 477)

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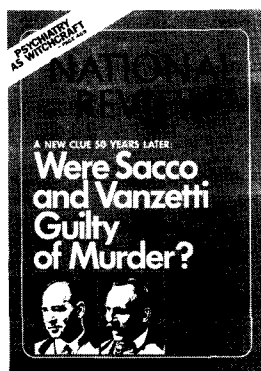
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IN THIS ISSUE



■ **Francis Russell's** study of Sacco and Vanzetti seems particularly relevant during a period of courtroom chaos. Then, as now (and the crime was committed exactly fifty years ago), the defenders of the anarchists claimed that they were on trial for political and philosophical beliefs rather than for specific crimes. The trial had international repercussions: Sympathizers demonstrated from Berlin to Johannesburg, from Moscow to Tokyo. In the United States the case became a liberal touchstone, the belief in the innocence of the pair an act of ideological faith. Like Alger Hiss, Sacco and Vanzetti just *had* to be innocent. But at least one of them wasn't. Mr. Russell builds his case carefully, revisiting Boston and Dedham in the same way that social historians will one day revisit Chicago. The parallels are striking, and one suspects that were Sacco and Vanzetti to stand trial today, their lawyer would be William Kunstler. Mr. Russell, who, as he puts it, "dwells remotely down in Sandwich in a seventeenth-century house," is the author of numerous books on American history, the best known being the biography of Warren G. Harding, *The Shadow of Blooming Grove*. His latest book, *President Makers from Mark Hanna to Joseph Kennedy*, will be published this year by McGraw-Hill. . . . **James Burnham**, traveling in Europe, analyzes the news from a continental perspective. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** takes a hard look at the current move to impeach William O. Douglas. **David Brudnoy** (see below) and **John Coyne** take a look at M-Day on Boston Common and in New York. . . . Got the Income Tax Blues? **Nika Hazelton** prescribes six good desserts guaranteed to cure that IRS hangover.

■ Big Brother may well be a shrink, warns Dr. Thomas S. Szasz, two of whose books are reviewed in this issue by **David Brudnoy**. Mr. Brudnoy, who covers the campus scene for *NR*, also translates stories from Japanese, sets up black studies programs, works for a doctorate at Brandeis, teaches history at Northeastern and plays touch-football. . . . **Richmond Crinkley**, director of programs at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, hears in a new book by Richard Harris the death rattle of contemporary liberalism. . . . "Hannah Arendt has never written an unimportant book—or an important article." Thus begins long-time *NR* contributor **Max Geltman's** cogent analysis of Miss Arendt's latest, a book based on an article. . . . **Mary Bennett Peterson** contributes a fortnightly column, "Reading for Business," to the *Wall Street Journal*. Her first book, *The Regulated Society*, will be published by Crown this fall. . . . **Ruth Berenson** visits the Whitney, and is sad.



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THE WEEK

■ TO: V. I. LENIN
CARE TOMB,
MOSCOW

WARMEST BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO THE GREAT LEADER
AND TEACHER OF THE WORKING CLASS, THE GREAT PRO-
LETARIAN STRATEGIST, THE ARCHITECT OF THE NEW
WORLD, FROM

THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY
NICKY AND ALIX
ADMIRAL KOLCHAK
THE BOYS DOWN AT KRONSTADT
FIVE MILLION KULAKS
MOST OF THE VOLGA GERMAN, CRI-
MEAN TATAR, KALMYK, BALKAR
AND CHECHEN-INGUSH NATION-
ALITIES
"TURKEY" TROTSKY
S. M. KIROV, N. I. BUKHARIN, G. E.
ZINOVIEV AND THE REST OF THE
OLD BUNCH
ESTONIA, LATVIA, LITHUANIA, POLAND,
CZECHOSLOVAKIA, RUMANIA, BUL-
GARIA AND POINTS EAST
THE VORKUTA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
SOLZHENITSYN, SINYAVSKY AND
DANIEL

■ Mr. Nixon's speech, postponed for three days by the suspense of Apollo 13, might as well have been postponed by sixty days, or six hundred. It was a reiteration of Mr. Nixon's determination to withdraw American troops gradually. It did not touch on the important developments of the past few months, the revolution in Cambodia, the Indochina-zation of the war, the emptiness of Vietnamization short of the giving to the Vietnamese of the effective politico-military authority to reach into Cambodia, or for that matter into North Vietnam, to stop the flow of arms and men who march out seeking death and subversion. Still, Mr. Nixon did say that his timetable was not absolute, nor the rate of withdrawal: that he would take into harmonious account the activities of the enemy. That much was good.

■ Target: Yale University. Yale has been lucky; there are those who give the credit to Yale's President, Kingman Brewster. For a while he appeared to have outmaneuvered the barbarians. Today, it appears as though he has merely succeeded in stoking their intransigence. The militants are bent on closing down the university, in order to demonstrate the university's solidarity with the Black Panthers. The Black Panthers, be it noted, are not being tried for chanting "We dislike President

Nixon." They are being tried for allegedly torturing and murdering a young black man. The Reverend William Sloane Coffin, advised two weeks ago that an etiolated Justice Department had resolved not to bring him back to trial for urging the breaking of the law by young draft-card holders, is now scheduled to lead, in defiance of the judge's injunction, a march on the courthouse protesting that the trial of the alleged killers is if not legally wrong, morally wrong, get it? Meanwhile, Mr. Brewster is going about town giving semi-inscrutable speeches. Students are reported by the *New York Times* to be removing valuables from their rooms, e.g. hi-fi sets, because you see Power to the People believes in a little economic opportunism, while you protest. One wonders whether it isn't time for a faculty walkout. Or would the students notice?

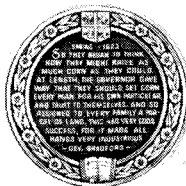
■ The *New York Times* was more than usually displeased on April 14 on being advised of a new state law . . . "The campus disorder bill passed last Friday by a shameful vote of 95 to 43 in the New York State Assembly is a patently vindictive measure that rides roughshod over individual rights. It is a legislative absurdity that does no credit to those who created and passed the bill." The measure would automatically withhold state funds from any college or university that failed to suspend students who had been sentenced to ten days or more in jail for campus disorder. Assembly bill 2534-A was apparently modeled on the article "Campus and the Law" by Ernest van den Haag which appeared in the Dec. 2, 1969 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

■ If only, if *only*, say the liberals, all that money spent on Vietnam, all that money spent on the space program, even, in a less frenetic day, all that money spent on tail-finned Cadillacs, were instead spent on—all together now—the war against poverty, then we'd be well on the way toward eradicating the ills that beset our troubled world. And so, on April 15, while astronauts Lovell, Haise and Swigert spun dizzily back toward the earth in their crippled spaceship, liberal columnist Harriet van Horne could muse: "One remembers the words of Britain's most distinguished astronomer, Sir Bernard Lovell: 'Almost anything astronauts can do, automatic instruments can also do.'" (Sir Bernard never thought the moon-walk could succeed and it wouldn't have if Neil Armstrong had not made a last-second directional adjustment.) Miss Horne continued: "The space circus has absorbed some 25 billion of our tax dollars [while, incidentally, pumping billions back into the economy—elementary economics]. It has also drained the best minds and energies of the country. [Drained, meaning milked dry, or what? Are all that knowledge, all those scientific and mechanical breakthroughs, all those thousands of engineers and technicians NASA has trained lost to the economy at large?] If some dire accident befalls the Apollo 13 mission," she concluded, "we shall all have cause for grief and shame. For a sackful of stones and a flag stuck in a heap of lunar slag has the space program justified itself?" Between the Spirit of St. Louis

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and the Spirit of van Horne there is indeed a generation gap.

■ Figures for the first three months of 1970 show that the economy shrank for the second consecutive quarter—or that, by the evidence of one standard indicator, we are now officially in a recession. Opinions differ as to whether the recession will last long, and whether, while it lasts, inflation will continue at the breakneck pace to which we are becoming accustomed. Labor Secretary George Shultz, in a speech last week to the American Newspaper Publishers Association, said: “I expect the situation to change by the end of the year. By the end of the year, we will all be happier about wages and prices. Consumer price rises will be down a lot.” The same day, Walter Reuther told a meeting of his United Auto Workers that “we intend to get our equity for our members and their families in 1970. No corporation will be able to hide behind Mr. Nixon’s recession to try to deny us that equity.” And on and on we go.

■ At first thought, Judge Carswell’s bid for the Senate is a delightful idea. Think of him calmly taking his seat while Bayh, Goodell, Javits and the rest squirm, positively *squirm*; think of him voting to uphold the impeachment of Justice Douglas on grounds of . . . inferiority. Delightful indeed—but then the doubts begin. Judge Carswell is no doubt sincere, and his wish to take his case to the people is understandable. But his candidacy is clearly being masterminded by Governor Claude Kirk, a bit of an eccentric who fears that Rep. William Cramer, a fine conservative, wants to take control of the Florida GOP. Cramer is running for the Senate, with Nixon’s blessing; after Carswell’s announcement, he said he would stay in the race. It would be a shame if infighting among Florida Republicans resulted in a Democrat winning the seat.

■ Remember how Senator Birch Bayh (D., Ind.) went into paroxysms over the “unethical” behavior of Judge Haynsworth? His leadership of the anti-Haynsworth pack and his excellent peacenik credentials made a Bayh-for-President boomlet inevitable. Scarcely anyone bothered to mention that he’s Big Labor’s precious darling (to the tune of \$60,000 for his last campaign), or that he’s been going on fact-finding junkets to sunny climes for years, with his lovely wife Marvella in tow. Now it comes out (via Jack Anderson) that every year since 1963, the Bayhs have been given free hotel rooms in Miami Beach at the height of the winter season—often at the Hilton Plaza, which is mortgaged for \$13 million by the Teamsters pension fund. Bayh says he thought the rooms were paid for by his political sugar-daddy, industrialist Miklos Sperling; hotel records show Bayh’s expenses chalked up as “complimentary” or to “advertising, business and promotion.” The folks back home are displeased—but they’ll have to wait until 1974 to tell their junior senator bayh-bayh.

■ Charles Goodell is becoming so programed a liberal, his likeness ought to be sent to Madame Tussaud’s or, better still, we keep the likeness, they get the original. The other day, would you believe it, he came out against helping Cambodia. Because we don’t want any more foreign entanglements? Wrong. Because Cambodia has too much poison ivy? Wrong. Get this, because Cambodia’s government is “corrupt.” Now, Cambodia’s government being all of about five weeks old, and Cambodia being meanwhile engaged in resisting a foreign invasion, how Senator Goodell discovered that the government is corrupt this far ahead of any opportunity for corruption to set in, is a tribute not to his sources of intelligence, but to the corruption of his own intelligence, the arresting of which ought to become a national project.

■ King Features is launching a new three-times per week columnist, Mr. Kevin Phillips, lately of the Justice Department, author of the *The Emerging Republican Majority* (Arlington House, 1969), the most widely respected and widely reviled piece of hard political analysis to have been published in years. The thesis of Mr. Phillips’ book is (drastically truncated) that the vectors, social, racial and economic, in American life point to a burgeoning Republican majority in the years ahead, and Mr. Phillips, although not yet thirty, has trained himself, in these matters, to see further ahead than most people. In fact, as psephologists go, he has already proved that he can deduce more matters of cosmic importance from how the 58th precinct voted, than anyone this side of the entrail-readers, this side of whom Harvard-educated, science-minded Mr. Phillips definitely is. Read him, and rejoice that Middle-Class Values are overwhelming us with the undeniableity of a juggernaut.

■ Cuba, East Germany, North Vietnam and Poland are “republics”; Haiti, Portugal and Spain are “dictatorships.” East Germany is “the land of Martin Luther, of Weimar’s Goethe and Schiller, of J. S. Bach, of Jena’s Carl Zeiss”; West Germany “is the self-proclaimed successor to Hitler’s Third Reich, to the Weimar Republic, which preceded Hitler’s state, and the Hohenzollern monarchy which had ruled Germany. . . .” In North Vietnam, “Life . . . has gradually returned to normal . . . the rich rice crops in the Red River delta have been harvested without harassment.” In South Vietnam, “the country continues to oppose all efforts to bring it into the Communist camp.” It all fits right in, in the *New York Times Encyclopedic Almanac* for 1970.

■ Goodness knows they went out of their way to be nice. They noted the “generally liberal” nature of the State of Israel; they pointed out the need for “strict security measures” in a country threatened by guerrilla warfare; they published the report, “with the deepest regret,” only when Israel refused (after a year of dickering) to agree to an international investigation. And

there you have it—Amnesty International says “allegations” of torture of Arabs by Israelis should be investigated. Whereupon, outrage. The American branch of AI formally dissociated itself from the report; the Israeli government cried foul but still expressed no interest in an investigation by impartial outsiders. There the matter seems to have been dropped by everyone. The Greeks have a word for it.

■ Notes Toward a Raising of the Level of Public Discourse with Particular Reference to Signs Brandished by the Young: Who could not be charmed by the Associated Press photograph of two young Cambodians protesting Vietcong incursions into their country, holding aloft signs that read: “DIRTY SILLY VIETCONG . . . GIVE UP YOUR RIDICULOUS IDEA”?

Reagan's Bloodbath: Truth and Imagery

“Reagan's bloodbath remark,” writes a friend of *NR* in California, “has set in motion the predictable liberal outcry. It threatens to take its place alongside Barry's defoliation.”

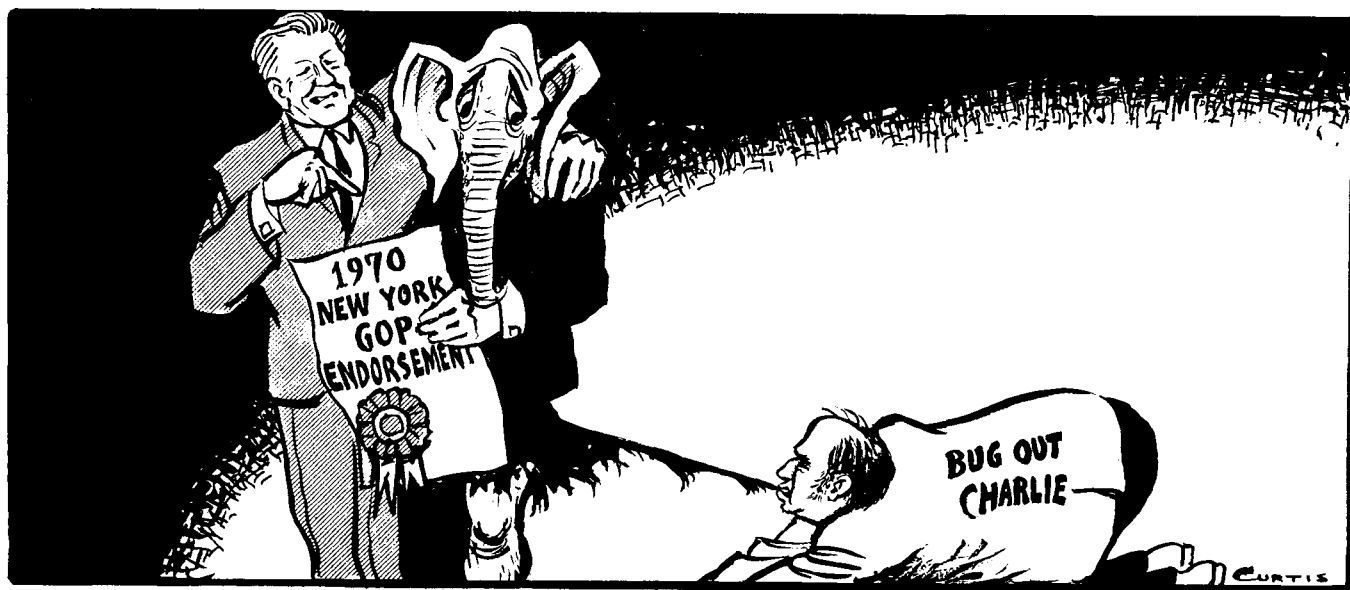
What actually happened is both simple and complicated—simple on the level of fact, complicated on the level of imagery. First, the fact: On April 7, answering questions before the Council of California Growers in Yosemite, Ronald Reagan remarked that the time for retreat before campus violence was over and that if the rioters wanted a “bloodbath, let's get it over with.” Now at Berkeley and Santa Barbara and elsewhere, the hard Left has made it plain that the choice is a simple one: acquiesce in all their demands, i.e., allow them to take

over, or face violent insurrection. What Reagan said was also plain enough: The forces of the law would not retreat in the face of revolutionary aggression. The thing must be faced: *ils ne passeront pas*.

Whereupon Mr. Unruh, springing up to the image-manipulating level, declared that the Governor had “forfeited any right to hold public office,” and there were Democratic rumblings in the Assembly about the possibility that the Governor was actually inciting violence. The wails of the journalists, of course, echo from sea to sounding sea: New York's Pete Hamill, while speculating—nutty as this sounds, he said it—about the imminent use of military jet planes against “underprivileged Columbia student[s],” used Reagan's bloodbath remark as evidence that there's a Dachau in your future.

On the literal level, the relevant question is this: Reagan says that he will not give way before the revolutionaries, even if this means a violent confrontation. As governor, he could scarcely intend anything else and still remain faithful to his oath of office. Does Unruh, attacking Reagan, mean to say that he *would* give way? Then Unruh has forfeited *his* claim to hold the office, and should suspend his campaign forthwith.

With regard to imagery, things are much more problematical. Until now, Reagan's stand against the violent radicals on the campus has been a large factor in his popularity. Reagan has embodied the intense dislike of the public for violence. But under certain circumstances Reagan could become *associated* with the idea of violence in the public mind. This could occur in a number of ways, not all of them entirely subject to his control. If, for example, campus violence became continuous and widespread; if, virtually every evening, the TV screen presented Reagan locked in combat with the insurrectionaries, it is only too likely that he would at last become part of the idea of violence in the public mind,



“Love me . . . love my dog!”

and would himself be rejected. Or, as in the case of the "bloodbath" remark, a chance colloquialism can be twisted to transform the image of Reagan versus violence into the image Reagan-violence. The potential for political disaster here is large—which is why Unruh is trying to bring it to pass.

Will He (Yawn) Make It?

The absence of excitement over the Blackmun nomination is understandable—and, at first sight, a bit of a relief. After earth-shaking battles over such trivia as Judge Haynsworth's investments and what Judge Carswell said 22 years ago, both sides seem willing to accept Judge Blackmun. *U.S. News* believes he would strengthen the "'conservative' power" on the high court; Joe Rauh of ADA feels that the "nomination of a judicial moderate validates the liberal efforts against Judges Haynsworth and Carswell." Blackmun himself says he has been called both a liberal and conservative, but "labels are deceiving." A strict constructionist? "I don't know what that means." For now at any rate, everything is hunky-dory; everybody is happy with Judge Blackmun, and confirmation looks a good bet. About the only thing anybody could drag up against the Judge is that he comes from Minnesota—and, a *Washington Post* reporter noted sniffishly, "only about 1 per cent of Minnesota's population is black."

One must sympathize with President Nixon. He had to come up with a nominee who could please the exponents of two sharply opposed ideologies, yet wasn't an utter nebbish. Judge Blackmun seems to fill the Nixonian bill: rather liberal on civil rights, rather conservative on crime, "highly respected by the legal profession"; let's go home boys. Still, one wonders. Conservatives point happily to Judge Blackmun's track record on the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals, where he has avoided striking out in new directions, content to follow the Supreme Court in interpreting the law. But in the Warren years, to follow the Supreme Court's lead was to go in new directions: thus Blackmun has upheld many principles inimical to conservatives—enforced racial balance in schools, room for the Communist Party on the ballot,

one-man, one-vote. And there are his asides in other decisions (capital punishment, open housing): He has said in effect, "here's the law, but the Supreme Court really ought to take a good look at this."

If Judge Blackmun does not know what a strict constructionist is, President Nixon does. Doubtless he has satisfied himself that the Judge will be strict enough, in a time when the Court will have to rule on such matters as capital punishment, busing, wiretapping, the federal antiriot law and the whole can of worms of the Chicago Seven trial. But the choice was a compromise, and compromises do backfire. Anent the liberal-or-conservative question, Judge Blackmun leaned back in his chair and said: "Actually, I've been brought up in the Frankfurter tradition." An ambiguous remark—deliberately so? Yes, Frankfurter eventually turned to the right after he ascended to the high court, and by the time he died, he was even willing to concede a vote to Congress in government affairs. Shall we keep our fingers crossed, ladies and gentlemen?

Reston Replies

In the March 24 issue of *NR*, the editors addressed an open letter regarding the alarming mental condition of Justice William O. Douglas to various liberal eminences. The letter cited Douglas' opinion that America has a military regime, that it is a paranoid country, that its repressiveness can be compared with that of Hitler, that its institutions allow for no peaceful redress, and that, like the regime of George III, its government is ripe for revolution. Mr. James Reston has now replied; in his April 15 column he says that such views as Douglas holds are "damn silly":

Now, this [U.S. government equals that of George III] is a damn silly analogy—even sillier than suggesting that the universities, which are the center of protest against the Establishment, are somehow subservient to it.

But despite Douglas' "silliness," Reston concludes, the effort to impeach him cannot succeed, and may even strengthen his determination to stay on the Court.

James Reston is a master rhetorician, always worthy of the most careful study. Though he can deal with principle and theory, when it suits him, in this column he chooses to move only on the practical level. He does not raise the question of whether the impeachment effort *ought* to succeed—only whether it *can* or not.

Even more interestingly, Reston characterizes Douglas' nutty statements as "damn silly." What is the meaning of this sudden shift in rhetorical mode? *Damn silly*: the tone implies that they are a peccadillo, regrettable to be sure, but a lapse which men of the world "like us" will dismissively overlook. "Damn silly of young Peregrine to get involved with that chorus girl." It is the characteristic note of the club bar or billiard room.

Were William O. Douglas not on the Court, were he not presiding over a large part of our destiny, damn silly might suffice. In himself Douglas actually is just a silly old man, obsessed, it seems perfectly clear, by the idea

Beautiful Ohio

Donald Lukens, 39,
How come you're so out of line?
Ripon people tend to grouse
At your record in the House;
Now the welcome mat erodes
At the door of Mr. Rhodes.
Youngest governor-to-be
In Ohio's history,
What a joy it is to write
How you've got them all uptight.

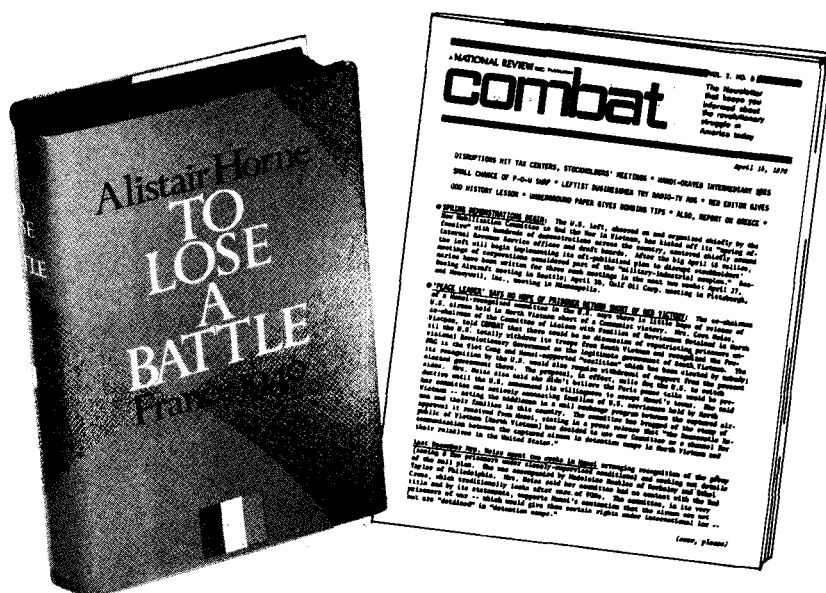
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of Youth. There is pathos as well as absurdity in his relentless pursuit of the young—writing for *Playboy*, and for the porno *Evergreen* and *Avant Garde*, marrying a fourth wife some forty years his junior, hopping from campus to campus, striking grotesque poses of rebellion. Touching, perhaps; surely comic. And damn silly.

Unfortunately, Douglas is not merely a senile swinger or country-club joke. He sits on the Court. Ralph Ginzburg and Hugh Hefner do not shell out for his articles because Douglas writes with unique profundity. *Points of Rebellion* was not published by Random House because it contributes anything at all to public discourse. The articles are fatuous and the book would be failed if a sophomore turned it in as a term paper in a government course—if it were not, that is, relished by the professor as a hoax. The magazine and book publishers shell out only because the byline is *Justice* William O. Douglas. What Douglas is selling is not his writing but his public position; he is selling the reputation and dignity of the Court itself. And it is precisely because the irresponsible statements, indeed the incitements to rebellion, contained in his book have been made by *Justice* Douglas that he must be called to account.

The Time for Words Is Over

“We’ve just come to the end of the line with candles, flowers and guitars.” Thus, bittersweet, the epitaph of the Vietnam Moratorium as delivered by a young activist. The plans had been grandiose: to increase the Moratoria by one day per month until something like a general strike resulted. This notion soon had to be discarded. Then the December demonstrations flopped, and all winter Washington Moratorium headquarters was on the edge of folding. Money shortages forced staff cutbacks and master-plans—working with antiwar GIs, massive help for doves in the elections, links with blacks—proved to be pipedreams. April turned out to be, as the poet said, the cruellest month: Another Moratorium flopped, Sam Brown turned in his flower, Washington headquarters closed.

The Moratorium failed chiefly because it contained a contradiction from its very inception. In effect, it hoped to reverse the results of the 1968 election by taking to the streets and appealing to public opinion—which public opinion had already expressed itself in the election. What had been lost in the primaries and at Chicago (McCarthy, the Peace Plank) and what had been lost in the balloting (the liberal candidate) would, in political substance, be imposed via the magnifications of the TV screen. But the necessary constituency simply was not there. It is extremely doubtful that the Moratoria enlarged the antiwar constituency beyond the original McCarthy-Peace Plank ranks, and there is some evidence that they diminished it.

But April 15 did point to what lies in store for us. In Harvard Square violence erupted as looters surged

through the streets smashing windows and burning a bank (see page 453); at Berkeley, mobs led by toughs armed with lead pipes and bicycle chains roamed the campus heaving rocks, battling the police. At the Bryant Park rally in New York, radicals seized the platform and, exercising repressive tolerance, permitted only radicals to speak (see page 467). At Santa Barbara rioters burned a bank and a student was shot dead.

In the wake of the failure of the Moratorium, most protesters will turn to other things. Some may even awaken to the fact that in a democracy the will of the people is expressed in elections. But a sizable minority, acting out of political despair, or, it can be sensed, out of deep and irreversible psychic needs, will resort to violence—arson, bombing; not impossibly, kidnaping and assassination.

The mood of the radical Left today is ominously reminiscent of the Russian *narodniki* of the 1860s and Seventies. Largely middle-class, and with a high proportion of students and intellectuals, the *narodniki* sought to “go to the people” with instruction in the benefits of socialism. Getting nowhere, the movement splintered, and a fanatical hard core determined to impose its will through terrorism. On March 1, 1881, the bombings and assassinations carried out by *Narodnaya Volya* culminated in the murder of Czar Alexander II, who, ironically enough, was a reformer. Czaricide, naturally, brought about greatly intensified repression: The bumbling and narcissistic conspirators had produced the opposite of the progress they desired.

Our own bumbling revolutionaries have now started down the same road. “We’ve got to move from dissent to resistance,” shouted Dave Dellinger. “We’ve got to move from liberalism to revolution.” “The time for words is over,” announced William Kunstler. “You must resist, and resistance means everything short of revolution. And if resistance doesn’t work, revolt.” “You don’t do it by hollering peace,” said Stella Richardson, a San Francisco radical. “You got to pick up the gun.” “You must realize that today’s Establishment is the new George III,” said Supreme Court Justice Prince Peter Kropotkin. . .

There’s a Ford . . .

. . . in your future. Especially if you’re bombing the Ho Chi Minh Trail or are otherwise involved in the Southeast Asia war. The Soviet troops that moved into Czechoslovakia in 1968 were so short of trucks that some of them arrived from Kiev in milk wagons. It’s not that the Russians don’t have trucks, only that so many of them are tied up elsewhere, such as in Vietnam, where each month some six hundred are knocked out as they move southward over the jungle trails.

The Ford Motor Co. is eager to fill so glaring a need. The Soviets plan to build the largest truck factory in the world in the Tatar Republic, east of Moscow, and Henry Ford wants in. Last week, in an atmosphere of mystery

and caviar, he toured Russia talking business. (Now, if Ford Motors could only come up with an improved bomber that could destroy, say, 1,200 Soviet Ford trucks per month, Mr. Ford might really be on to something. He might then be called on to build *another* truck factory, say in Magnitogorsk.)

The Edge of Prudent Risk

Last year Safeguard passed the Senate by only one vote, and headcounts suggest that at least seven senators who voted for the ABM last year are undecided about whether they will vote for an extension of the system. With hopes high for a breakthrough in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT), now in their second phase in Vienna, many are saying that to extend ABM this year is to speed up the arms race precisely at the time when we have a chance to slow it down.

Defense Secretary Laird took the Administration's case to the annual luncheon of the Associated Press in New York last week. He emphasized that "we all pray for success in Vienna," and then, in a closely reasoned speech, set to rest the contention that expanding ABM will peril SALT. "In our continuing debate on defense matters," Laird said, "it has been said many times that the driving force behind the so-called strategic arms race is the 'action-reaction' phenomenon. . . . The argument is made, for instance, that the deployment of defensive missiles by one side [i.e., the American ABM] tends to generate increased offensive deployments by the other side.

"I certainly agree that one side's actions definitely can influence what the other side does. But just as weapons in themselves are not the cause of wars, neither are a country's actions in weapons development—in themselves—the driving force in a so-called arms race. *The fundamental force in an arms race is what one country perceives as possible objectives of another country's actions* [emphasis added].

"Let me explain it this way. Our goal is a stable peace. Our strategic policy to achieve that goal is deterrence. . . . Our actions of the past several years underscore the fact that deterrence is our fundamental policy and that we seek no more than a posture of effective deterrence."

In other words, if the Russians' intentions in SALT are straightforward, then they, recognizing American

policy to be deterrence, will not be driven off from agreement by extension of our ABM system, aimed only at increasing our deterrent power. If their intentions are not straightforward, then scotching the ABM in an effort to bring them to agreement is precisely the wrong—and the dangerous—thing to do.

A good illustration of Laird's proposition that the development of new weapons by one side—apart from considerations of strategic objectives—does not necessarily beget the development of new weapons by the other side has been the story of American arms restraint in the last five years. During that period, Laird pointed out, "the Soviet Union has more than tripled its inventory of strategic offensive nuclear weapon launchers from about five hundred to about 1,700 . . . and continues the momentum of a vigorous construction program. In that same period, the Soviet Union has virtually quadrupled the total megatonnage in its strategic offensive force. The United States, on the other hand, in the same time period, made no increase in its established level of 1,710 strategic nuclear missile launchers . . . [and] reduced its megatonnage by more than 40 per cent."

Laird explained that the American government has not matched Soviet arms increases during the last five years because it felt that Soviet objectives might not directly endanger the U.S.: ". . . the United States deliberately chose to assume that the Soviet buildup at most was aimed at achieving a deterrent posture comparable to that of the United States." But today, now that the Russians have approached parity without decelerating, Soviet "momentum" is such that, in Laird's ominous phrase, "we are literally at the edge of prudent risk." Laird understated his case, no doubt deliberately, but the hard facts in his presentation needed no rhetorical embellishment. The point is a grim one: A miscalculation now, whether through ignorance or through ideological self-indulgence, could bring the history of the United States to a sudden end.

John O'Hara, R I P

The surface of John O'Hara's work is implacably realistic. "I want to get it all down on paper while I can," he said. "The United States in this century is what I know, and it is my business to write about it to the best of my ability, with the sometimes special knowledge that I have." That knowledge was formidable. A turn of phrase in dialogue, the label on a garment or a piece of luggage, the make of a car, an old joke—the year may be 1928, but suddenly that world in all its visible and audible reality is present before us *wie es eigentlich gewesen var*.

But if O'Hara's surface is realistic, there burns behind it, fiercely possessive of every detail, an unflagging romanticism. O'Hara's father was a prosperous doctor, and O'Hara went to the best prep schools, but when his father died in 1925 O'Hara had to go to work as a reporter instead of attending—Yale! It is characteristic

An Appraisal

Martha Mitchell, though you raise
Lots of people's gorges,
You're the Martha I appraise
On a par with George's.

W. H. VON DREELE

that he nevertheless—or perhaps therefore—became the most passionate of Yale men, a devoted non-alumnus. As a novelist he totally repossessed, imaginatively, the world of upper-class elegance—no nuance, ritual or rule of behavior escaping him. As in the case of that other Irish-American of ambiguous social position, Scott Fitzgerald, the very ambiguity sharpened his perceptions and intensified his love.

Both writers were all too often criticized for the “narrowness” of their material and their contemptuous unconcern with the *Zeitgeist*. Yet how lasting because so intensely seen has that material become: O’Hara’s country clubs and wealthy suburbs, the tea dances and Harvard-Yale games, Dick and Nicole in the warm Riviera dusk. O’Hara received neither the official nor the critical recognition his genius claimed; the latter will come in time. And indeed, from our present perspective, we may well pause to appreciate that vanished world—as squads of what seem to be Charles Manson rejects terrorize Harvard Square, and the Yale student body goes on strike for Bobby Seale.

—JH

Beverly Griffith, RIP

He was born in Butler, Georgia back in 1888 and the world was his oyster. He had put the continent under him by the time he was twenty—for there he was, in California, working as a cameraman for Mack Sennett, driving the ambulance for the Keystone Cops, hobnobbing with D. W. Griffith. In 1913 he started photographing a young race driver named Eddie Rickenbacker. That perfect friendship, surviving for almost sixty years in deep respect and the most gentle affection, underwent a transformation last week but did not end. Bev always called him Captain. The Captain never spoke Bev’s name without an appreciative smile on his lips.

He tried to pass himself off as a country boy with red dirt flowing in his veins, but it was no go. After you’d been with him for a while you began to hold him in awe,

Wool-Gathering with John Lindsay

*Damn Nelson. Ye gods, I hate that town.
He’s getting on . . . does Happy notice? (How
That bastard would have liked to turn me down!)*
*She loved my sideburns. Brother, what a row
I’ll have with Rent Control. Call Alex Rose.
Can Rocky pull it off again? Perhaps . . .
They say the kids at Hunter liked my clothes.
Goodell’s a natty dresser . . . No more flaps!
I cannot bear another resignation.
Think peace: Try to remember that. Shall I
Go Democrat—this week—on Face the Nation?
These shirtings suit me. Mary knows a buy.*

W. H. VON DREELE

for he seemed to have traveled to all the corners of the globe, he knew the best restaurants in every town and could talk Chinese and Spanish, hand language and the facial semaphore (he would have studied that with Mr. Sennett), he knew how to get around in every city, and above all he knew what was worth your while and what wasn’t.

In things and places and especially in people he knew value. He had no use for stuffed shirts, shysters, cry babies or run-of-the-mill folk. At great ambassadorial receptions in country after country I have felt Bev’s elbow digging into my side and heard his amused comments on the proceedings. He went straight to the heart every time. The world needs country boys who can tell one emperor from another.

His technical achievements in 35 years as public relations man for Eastern Air Lines will be surpassed or forgotten, and he would like it that way. He will be remembered by a hundred thousand people who felt his generosity and creativeness year after year—and by the young boy who entered the frog-jumping contest in Central Park back in 1935 with the biggest bull frog in Louisiana, specially flown up from the bayous on an Eastern Air Lines flight. It was Bev’s idea. The frog was so huge I had to make a cradle of my arms to hold him. When the contest started the frog wouldn’t budge. We lost the race, Bev won my heart, and that’s life.

In his own words: So long, Bud.

—WFR

Louis K. Timolat, RIP

Louis King Timolat was one of the unheralded patrons of the conservative movement. He successfully avoided publicity and rarely appeared on the mastheads or boards of the groups he supported. But a rolcall of the organizations and candidates and causes he helped so generously at critical times is a rolcall of most conservative enterprises.

We were fortunate to know Lou Timolat as personal friends, but even to us he rarely talked of himself. The conversation would skip from one to another of our common political interests, his intimate knowledge of which continually astonished his friends. Or we would talk about conservation or gardening or about his prize black swans, because he loved this land as much as the nation built on it. And when he died on April 5, we realized how little we knew of his life. He was a Princeton graduate and a major in the Marines during World War II; he lunched at the Union League Club; and he was proud to have become a grandfather. But we and so many others will always retain warming memories of his engaging conversation and wit, of his eternal optimism, of his constant concern for the well-being of his friends.

—David Franke, Alan MacKay
(Co-founder and former President
Young Americans for Freedom),
Lewis Kirby



Notes

Asides

■ Gentlemen, ladies, gentlemen, please! Wait a minute, let me talk! I said let me talk. We can't continue the McSloy thing forever. Everybody in the whole auditorium has his hand up, and we have only just so much space. So here's how we're going to handle it. Today, two letters. One of them resolutely opposed, by the President (appropriately) of the Nostalgia Book Club (and of Arlington House); and a second letter, from our friend and correspondent David Brudnoy, who manages to break all records by appearing simultaneously in our letters, articles and book sections—mostly critical of McS, but not altogether. Then, in the next issue, we'll publish McS's defense of McSloy and that, gentlemen, will be it. Oh yes, we will also publish, within the next two or three issues, McSloy's paean to rock. Said issue will not be mailed to Neil McCaffrey, who now has the floor. . . .

Dear Mr. Buckley:

The main trouble with the Rolling Scum is that they gather so much dross. Take Tom McSloy. At first glance I wondered that a hobbledehoy's rant should provoke such agonizing. Yet on second thought I'm glad your staff took the trouble to lay it on the line—once and, let's hope, for all.

My objections to rock are fourfold: moral, cultural, political, musical.

Moral: as an unapologetic traditional Catholic, I abhor a music that glories in vice and attacks the laws of God not just incidentally, but right down to its rotted core. And I think my response would be no different if I were a traditional Protestant or a traditional Jew.

Cultural and political: your staff said it all, most notably Messrs Meyer and Rusher.

Musical: Rock is square, fellas. *Square*. A bore. It has nothing fresh to say, and never did. If any of you had ventured uptown to the Apollo back around 1941, you could have heard some fourth-rate jump band like Al Cooper and His Savoy Sultans playing much the same music, only better; and they were fourth-rate. Those of us who have been swinging for 30 or 35 years don't need musical lessons from the zoo. The rock beat is to the jazz beat as a pneumatic drill is to Michelangelo's chisel. Rock chords and harmonies are to jazz what a men's-room scrawl is to a Renoir.

Ah, but doesn't rock have "soul"? Perhaps, but only in the sense that rotgut retains a little of the qualities of vintage wine. People like Big Bill Broonzy and Bessie Smith were folk artists. As such, they worked with limited materials. But they explored them in depth, with dignity and economy, with an instinctive restraint that

conveyed a feeling of power held in reserve, above all without pretension. But now their bastard offspring are run to seed, and what comes out is a sub-animal caterwauling that defaces the name of music.

Neil McCaffrey

To Mr. Tom McSloy and the Editors of NATIONAL REVIEW:

Aw c'mon, Tom, things aren't that bad. I mean, Tom, *NR* doesn't read like *U.S. News & World Report*. And reverend editors, Mr. McSloy may be a horse's ass for all I know, but his feeling that *NR* both skirts many problems facing our generation and rather cavalierly dismisses others—that feeling, I understand too.

I usually find myself right in line with Frank Meyer. But not this time, not entirely; e.g., "The West has its own drug, alcohol, integral element in song and story. . . ." Maybe marijuana is worse than liquor, as *NR* believes. And maybe not. Why not ask an *NR* contributor to write pro-pot, if he feels pro-pot and smokes? Lay it out on the table and dissect it.

Again, a continuing examination of what constitutes "libertarianism" and what, "libertinism," to use Mr. Meyer's dichotomy, would be worth the effort, I think.

Priscilla Buckley and James Burnham: their responses cause a little query to germinate within, i.e., why can't *NR* unbend at the corners once in a while?

William Rusher has misread Mr. McSloy, I think. McSloy hasn't explicitly asked that *NR* approve these new "things young people like." I'm still (barely) sub-30, and heartily despise nine-tenths of those things, and yet, with Tom McSloy, I very much wish *NR* would look at them, soberly, though without that "slavering after the young" which Mr. Rusher so accurately ridicules.

The editors are of one mind about the need to preserve the cardinal values of Western civilization intact, and I'm philosophically with them. Mr. Hart is right on target when he says that it's possible, without being "stuffy," to hold other views on birth control or sexual promiscuity than that which Mr. McSloy seems to advance. Isn't it also conceivable that one could take McSloy's position and still be a registered conservative?

When McSloy calls *NR* the "Bible" he's expressing a vague uneasiness experienced by a lot of folks when they follow *NR* regularly. For some years now, I've been in love with *NR* (and I hope Tom McSloy loves her too), but I sure could love her even more. *If* she'd more regularly encourage contributors to slug it out (*à la* Zoll and Meyer) on the gutsy, nasty issues too. *If* she'd more often say: Here we stand, and here's where some of our fellow conservatives disagree with us. I don't fall for that drivel about the Truth Will Out, unaided. And yet, and yet I'm convinced that a more argumentative *NR* could help McSloy and me—and yes, even an editor—come closer to finding, to knowing, truth.

David Brudnoy

—WFB

NOTES FROM THE OTHER SHORE



THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

Brussels—During the past year the economies of every nation in Western Europe except West Germany have been moving parallel to the U.S. economy. The consumer price levels have increased between 5 and 10 per cent; unemployment has risen a little; there has been a slowdown in economic activity or a mild recession. However, few if any European economists expect a serious depression. They are less sanguine about an end to inflation.

■ Europe, in this case including West Germany, is also sharing the U.S. anti-pollution kick. NATO has set up a "Committee on Environmental Problems" that sponsored a big conference in mid-April to discuss bad air. Mayor Richard Lugar of Indianapolis, vice president of the U.S. Mayor's Association, spoke for the smells of America. Antipollution editorials in the British press read adjective-for-adjective like those in U.S. newspapers and magazines. Minister Gabriel Kaspereit, chief antipolluter in the French cabinet, took to the government-owned TV the other day to announce: "I am going to propose immediate and specific measures to defend the environment of the French people. The struggle against atmospheric pollution must be reinforced, above all in connection with electric power plants, cement factories and steel mills. A center for planning and research concerning these nuisances will be created." Germans, Frenchmen and Beneluxers unite in resolve to do something or other about the barge-groaning Rhine, "sewer of Europe."

■ The Communist nations are making a big play this year for tourists from the West. Their posters, ads and publicity handouts are prominent everywhere. Scheduled air flights between East and West are being rapidly increased. Auto travel is being eased and, in general, bureaucratic regulations

seem to have been somewhat loosened. The Soviet Union has set up arrangements whereby agencies or individuals in Western countries can organize group-package tours at fairly reasonable rates that will nevertheless yield a good profit to the organizer. Enterprising ladies of the large American communities that exist in every West European nation are enthusiastically at work on such deals. The Communist, and particularly the Soviet, tourist campaigns overshadow the American, which is lethargic, uncoordinated and mostly invisible. Some airlines and travel agencies offer various U.S. tours, and there is a considerable quantity of travel brochures and other literature stacked in corners of this and that U.S. governmental agency. But you seldom see any of it, no one knows where to get it, and any given agency, official or commercial, never seems to know what any other is doing. The U.S. Travel Agency belongs to the Department of Commerce, in whose office on the seventh floor of Kennedy House (yes, that is the name) there are piles of attractive State brochures. But nothing is known about this by those employees to whom you speak at the USIA Library, the embassy, the random travel agency—or the office of the U.S. consulate on the floor just below. There is little pr sort of effort in news releases, publicized talks, interviews, etc.

The Travel Agency has to fit *some-where* in the government's table of organization, and perhaps the Department of Commerce is as sensible a place as any. But in most cities USIA and the diplomatic-consular apparatus have more active relations with the general public. Surely they should be at least clued in. This year's campaign, or non-campaign, is considerably short of last year's. Last year, following some trial runs the year before, a fairly substantial *See America!* drive was mounted, but it was evidently a one-shot affair—that is, useless in promotion of this kind, which must be sustained and long-term

to get results. Or is this drop, too, part of the new isolationism?

■ The impression of the Mideast war given by the European press is very different from that given by the American press. There are exceptions, some important, but the attitude of most European newspapers and magazines ranges from neutrally objective to rather plainly anti-Israel. It is simple to throw the balance one way or the other. Which do you print first, and to which do you give the headline—the dispatch from Tel Aviv or the dispatch from Cairo? Which official statement on an alleged bombing of civilians do you play up? Do you stress fedayeen assaults on buses or Israeli razing of Arab homes? Even in France, with its large, powerful Jewish community and its traditional friendship with Israel, the attempt to rouse a mass protest movement against the Mirage sale to Libya has never got far enough to bother the government.

■ One of those "highly placed sources in a Western foreign ministry" (how detestable these phrases, but highly placed sources can't talk about anything serious unless they know that's the way it will be put) commented on the Council of Europe's April 15 condemnation of the Greek government: "We feel it is regrettable, most regrettable. But you must understand that our governments have been under very strong pressures from certain sections of opinion. We know, of course, where many of these pressures originate, but nevertheless they exist and cannot be disregarded. It was unfortunate that the Colonels would not, shall I say, cooperate a little with us. If Pipinelis had made a small gesture in December, I think we would have worked out a formula. He was not permitted to do so. That was how it was satisfactorily arranged in the quite similar Turkish awkwardness a few years ago."

(Continues on page 477)

ON CAMPUS AND OFF

'A Dirty Little War'

DAVID BRUDNOY

BOSTON-CAMBRIDGE, April 16—Leftists are very lucky. It's always sunny and warm when they take off after death and racism and plump for brotherhood. Like last October's Moratorium, like yesterday on Boston Common. As the MC—was it really Gig Young?—put it: "The cat upstairs is with us," a sentiment verified by His delegate, a Negro minister who gave the invocation: "All power to the people, all power to the vanguard, peace. God is on our side, because He see all you fingers in the air." And, except for brother Dolan, whom have *we* among folksingers? The Left rolls in all the big guns: Jaime Brockett, Travis, Shook and the Club Wow, Dandelions and Wine, John Lennon via a telegram blessing the venture, and the Boston cast of *Hair*, recently martyred by one of our banned-in-Boston-type judges, who ruled they must be clothed or closed.

Blessed by sunshine, God and the Age of Aquarius, a supporting cast of thousands moved on cue. The protest organizers predicted fifty thousand, the media said fifty thousand would attend; and lo, fifty thousand came, we're told on TV and in this morning's papers. When the MC dedicated a song to "Vice President Zero," the supporting throng dissolved into riotous laughter. When one Negro singer performed a piece whose title and sole lyrics was "Freedom!," and failed to arouse enough audience participation, he snarled "C'mon, you m - - - f - - - s," and simply everybody who was anybody jumped up and sang "Freedom!"

And the single-minded concentration on yesterday's theme of immediate withdrawal from this racist, oppressive, Nixonian venture in madness was astounding. The first speaker was my colleague at Northeastern (where an appearance by YAF's Phillip Abbott Luce had just been canceled in the spirit of defending free speech), Political Science Professor Steve Worth. Riding high since he and his former student,

Representative James Shea, got the Legislature to pass, and Republican Governor Sargeant to sign, a constitutionally air-tight bill prohibiting Massachusetts from fighting in "undeclared wars," Steve was the perfect first speaker. He taught us about how the System had failed because McCarthy didn't win, but how "now we're giving the System one more try; within a year America will either have achieved freedom or fascism."

As the afternoon wore on, the crowd thickened with delegations from high schools and the colleges. The Cambridge Common rally at noon was interrupted by a frenzied man in a suit and tie, whose priorities were warped. This chap had the *chutzpah* to demand to be heard. And what did he say? "I believe in Jesus, and Jesus will never let Communism win." But the Cambridge faithful giggled him to death. On then to Boston, the Cambridge contingent including a quiet Gay Liberation Front group bearing signs decorated with an unintentional double entendre: "Bring the Boys Home." The arrival of the Cambridge patriots was greeted by a standing ovation and "right-on." The biggest applause was reserved for the Black Panther marchers, for the first time joining another movement, whose arrival was specially announced by a large Negro who gave new, original intonation to her use of "pig!"

The ladies of Women's Lib, Welfare Mothers, Weathermen and the Free Huey Newton ladies' auxiliary all did their thing, as did 83-year-old suffragette Florence Luscomb. Miss Luscomb went on a bit long, so Progressive Laborite Fran Weindling and her friends invaded the podium. Miss Luscomb, however, was unflapped, and the PL brigade had to wait their turn. Then a Panther in black leather documented America's oppression of all Negroes: "Blacks have all the worst and dirtiest jobs, do all the dying in Asia for the pigs. . . . Blacks are killed by the Haynsworths and Carswells, Shitty-

Dickie's henchmen." Julian Bond, the announced featured speaker, failed to show.

Yesterday's star attractions were Abbie Hoffman and John Froines, late of Chicago. Abbie was exquisite, excoriating those wishy-washy Establishmentarians, Senators Goodell and McGovern, who've shown what side *they're* on. Abbie was gorgeous, even without his American flag shirt, invoking the spirit of Paul Revere, that groovy "the Pigs are coming, the Pigs are coming!" revolutionary. To the interjectional, adjectival, adverbial, verb and noun forms of "f - - -," Abbie's added the all-"f - - -" sentence, which even a child can learn to use. And Abbie has mastered the compound balanced sentence: "Boston is the Cradle of Liberty; the Young must *smash* some cradles; fists must cradle some rocks; rocks must smash some cradles. . . ." The first cradle to be rocked after Boston will be Yale on May Day, when "Bobby Seale goes on trial in New Haven to appease John Mitchell's blood-lust." Froines followed Abbie, directing everyone to join the SDS-Panther march then getting ready to head back to Harvard Square in Cambridge.

EACH ELEMENT in the day had been carefully welded together to reinforce the topic of Vietnam withdrawal, each speech lovingly designed to build up to the evening's fun. And so, back we marched to Harvard Square, a choice location for expressions of peace. About five thousand idealists rounded out an idyllic day: A few dozen fires, a hundred stores looted and three banks crashed, almost every window in the Square broken, thousands of rocks and bricks hurled at the pigs, two or three hundred casualties, a half a million dollars in damage—the biggest riot in Cambridge history, said the city manager. It was exciting to come out of the subway station and be hit by a weighted can, as was an old man near me. When he tried to get up, two kids kicked him down again. Some of the police were lovely too, smashing away with gay abandon.

Just before we'd left Boston, the *Hair* cast, joined by all fifty thousand brothers and sisters, closed the festivities with a catchy chant: "It's a dirty little war; it's a dirty little war; it's a dirty little war. . . ." Right on. Like I said, leftists are very lucky. □

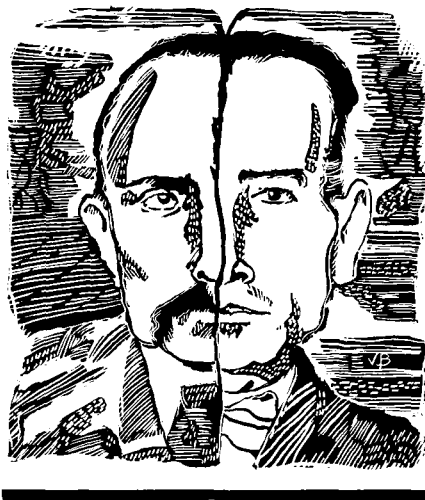
*The bullet that killed Berardelli was fired from Sacco's Colt.
Proved. Did Sacco fire it? Probably. But was
Vanzetti also guilty? And where is the man who calls himself
'Victor Tortalini' and who claims to know the truth?*

Sacco-Vanzetti: The End of the Chapter

FRANCIS RUSSELL

FROM ITS OBSCURE ORIGINS the Sacco-Vanzetti case developed into the great American case of the twentieth century, as shattering in its repercussions as the Dreyfus case in France and far more durable. For the Dreyfus case, resolved, has receded into history while that of Sacco and Vanzetti almost half a century after their trial remains a living issue. What began as a casually brutal murder in a small Massachusetts mill town in the spring of 1920, ended seven years later as a world-shaking *cause célèbre* and in fact as a legend it has never ended. In 1921, some time before the trial took place in Dedham, a reporter from a New York socialist newspaper, who had been sent to Massachusetts, reported back to his editor that "there's no story in it . . . just a couple of wops in a jam." In 1927, Stalin, at the All-Union Congress of the Communist Party that banished Trotsky, called the case the most important event since the October Revolution.

The fate of Sacco and Vanzetti became one of those emotion-fraught issues that divide a society. "All right we are two nations," John Dos Passos wrote after their execution from the depths of his anger in *The Big Money*. In the prolonged interval between their trial and their deaths, Sacco and Vanzetti grew into symbols of man's injustice to man. Acquiring the habiliments of martyrdom in their years of imprisonment, they convinced themselves that they were dying for the working class of the world. Some of their adherents—and even the men themselves in their last months—came to see the two anarchist Italians as Christ-figures. "My first lawyer of the defense has not defended me, has sold me for thirty golden money like Judas sold Jesus



Christ," Vanzetti told the court at the time of his sentencing in 1927. The artist Ben Shahn painted a series of pictures which he called *The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti*. Malcolm Cowley wrote:

*March on, O dago Christs, while we
march on to spread your name abroad
like ashes in the winds of God.*

When the news flashed from Charlestown State Prison that Sacco and Vanzetti had at last been executed, the reverberations were global. From the Boston matrix where in that final August week indignant numbers of men and women courted arrest by picketing the State House, from the siege-like preparations at the Charlestown Prison across the river on the actual execution night, the waves of indignation spread outward. Demonstrations in American cities were duplicated and in many cases exceeded all over Europe. In Paris the Communist daily *L'Humanité* printed an extra sheet on which was splashed the single black word "*Assassins!*" Crowds surged down the Boulevard Sebastapol, ripping up lampposts

and tossing them through plate-glass windows. Protective tanks ringed the American embassy, and sixty policemen were injured when a mob tried to set up barricades there. Five thousand militants roamed the streets of Geneva the evening before the executions, overturning American cars, sacking shops selling American goods, gutting theaters showing American films. One of the greatest demonstrations in the history of the Weimar Republic took place in Berlin; there were tumultuous demonstrations in Bremen and Wilhelmshaven and Hamburg, and a two-hour torchlight parade in Stuttgart. During that turbulent week half-a-dozen German demonstrators were killed. No one was killed in England, but on the night of the executions a crowd gathered before Buckingham Palace and sang "The Red Flag." Flags flew at half-staff on London's Labor Party building, as they did throughout the Soviet Union. Mass demonstrations took place in Portugal, Argentina, Mexico, Australia and as far away as Japan. In South Africa the American flag was burned on the steps of Johannesburg's city hall.

The case had belatedly become a cause following the publication of Harvard Law School Professor Felix Frankfurter's "The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti" in the March 1927 issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which he denounced the prosecution and the whole trial proceedings. His sponsorship gave the case a national and international audience, made it in its last few months intellectually chic. Such commanders of opinion as Walter Lippmann and Heywood Broun took up the cause in a series of impassioned articles. Those who considered themselves the intelligentsia responded with uncritical mass emotionalism, accepting the in-

nocence of Sacco and Vanzetti and the infamy of the trial as a matter of faith. The faith has remained, hardening over the years to a dogma. G. Louis Joughin wrote in 1948 in *The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti* that "the literary verdict is unanimously sympathetic to the executed men. Prosecution, judges and the hostile public majority have not in twenty years found a single literary defender of their position."

The Dogma

According to that dogma Sacco and Vanzetti were two innocent philosophical anarchists done to death for their political beliefs by fearful and corrupt "hangmen in frock coats." Arrested in a period of wild anti-Red hysteria, they were executed for a murder that they not only did not commit, but of which they had no knowledge. The police who arrested them knew they were innocent. So did the prosecution. The Yankee jurors who convicted them were blindly biased against foreigners and radicals. Vanzetti, in his speech to the court after sentencing, claimed that "not even a dog that kill chickens would have been found guilty with the evidence that the Commonwealth have produced against us [sic]." The district attorney deliberately framed them. The judge was a vindictive bigot, "a black-gowned cobra" in Vanzetti's words, and the trial itself little better than a kangaroo court. Massachusetts' Governor Fuller and Harvard's President Lowell, who reviewed the case, preferred to commit judicial murder rather than to cast reflections on their state's judiciary system.

Even to examine this dogma with an open mind was considered intellectually contemptible, an earlier equivalent of supporting the late Senator McCarthy or joining the John Birch Society. For after all, if Felix Frankfurter, Walter Lippmann, John Dewey, Norman Thomas, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Jane Addams, Robert La Follette, Sherwood Eddy, H. L. Mencken, John Dos Passos, Harold Laski, H. G. Wells and hundreds of others of equal note in the literary and educational world were so volubly convinced of the two men's innocence, how could any cultivated man think otherwise? Several years ago I was talking about the case with a young woman instructor from an Eastern university and I suggested that in the light of new ballistics tests conducted in 1961

the dogma should at least be re-examined. "No," she said pontifically, "they *had* to be innocent!"

For four decades they have *had* to be innocent. Intellectuals have taken this as an article of faith. To doubt it would have been to doubt their own integrity. With the benighted exception of official Massachusetts, the dogma has become so universally accepted that it has rubbed off on non-intellectuals, has crept unchallenged into popular history books, with the tacit assumption that there is nothing to challenge. Until 1960, in all the vast literature about the

Dramatis Personae

Nicola Sacco—shoemaker, anarchist, martyr.

Bartolomeo Vanzetti—fish-peddler, anarchist, martyr.

Webster Thayer—their judge.

Fred Moore—their Wobbly lawyer, who later had Doubts.

Herbert Ehrmann—another lawyer, who didn't.

Carlo Tresca—the grand old man of Anarchism; another doubter.

Frederick Parmenter—the murdered paymaster of Slater & Morrill's.

Alessandro Berardelli—the murdered guard, recipient of Bullet III.

Julia Kelliher—the schoolgirl who saw the speeding getaway car.

William Dodson—the fairhaired car thief who perhaps drove it.

Mike Boda—

Ferruccio Coacci—Residents of Puffer's Place, who were perhaps in it.

"*Pappi*"—Sacco's mysterious friend in Bridgewater.

Frederick Katzmann—the District Attorney.

John Dever—the youngest juror, who had nothing against foreigners.

Eugene Lyons—publicity director of the Defense Committee.

Celestino Madeiros—member of the Morelli Gang.

"*Albert Edwards*"—the troubled London bus inspector who met

"*Victor Tortalini*"—the troubled Italian who Knew Things about the case and may have been

Ricardo Orciani—who drove the motorcycle to the Elm Square Garage and may have been in the South Braintree getaway car.

Jurors, lawyers, ballistics experts and intellectuals.

case, the only effort in book form to defend the prosecution and verdict was a little pamphlet written by a prissy and forgotten Reporter of Decisions of the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

Interest in the case continues to blaze up periodically, then die down; but the underground fire still smolders. In 1959 a public hearing was held in Boston's State House on a resolution recommending a posthumous pardon for Sacco and Vanzetti. Although the legislators rejected the resolution, the hearing was dominated by Sacco and Vanzetti sympathizers, with only one speaker opposed. A year later Reginald Rose presented his two-part television melodrama, *The Sacco-Vanzetti Story*, in which two almost angelic Italians were shown as being betrayed by the satanic reactionaries of Massachusetts. Rose's play was later translated for the West German television. Subsequently a play with the same conclusions, sponsored by Group W of the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, was presented on Broadway and simultaneously televised. Marc Blitzstein at about that time was in Italy working on an opera on the theme of Sacco and Vanzetti for which he had been commissioned by the Metropolitan Opera Company.* In 1962 when I was in East Berlin I found a fictional autobiography of Vanzetti just published by the East German government, and three years later I saw Sacco-Vanzetti posters for sale in Leningrad. Within the last few years a play about the case was produced in Italy, and an edition of Vanzetti's letters published there. In October 1967 the surviving Sacco and Vanzetti relatives brought a libel suit in Milan against the German science-writer Jürgen Thorwald who in his book, *The Century of the Detective*, had suggested that the two men might after all be guilty. That same month marked the dedication by Ben Shahn of his 60-by-12 foot Sacco-Vanzetti outdoor mosaic on the campus of Syracuse University. In 1969 the last surviving defense lawyer, Herbert Ehrmann, elaborated the whole defense position in *The Case That Will Not Die*. So each year brings some new turn to the old case that has enshrined the two alien anarchists as the century's American martyrs.

Intellectual opinion has so solidified behind Sacco and Vanzetti that it was

*Blitzstein received a Guggenheim Fellowship for his projected work. Since his death the manuscript has disappeared.

not until 31 years after their execution that the first crack in the monolith of dogma appeared: the publication in 1958 by East Berlin professor Johannes Zelt of his *Proletarian Internationalism in the Battle for Sacco and Vanzetti*. In writing his book Zelt was allowed access to government archives in Moscow. Using these he demonstrated beyond question that the European protest movement at the time of Sacco and Vanzetti's execution was organized, led and directed by the Communist Party. All innocently, Zelt demolished the myth of the workers of Europe rising in spontaneous indignation against American capitalist injustice. The giant demonstrations, as he proved, took place because the order went out from the Communist European central headquarters in Berlin's Alexanderplatz. In extolling his party, Zelt undermined his cause.

The First Challenge

Then in 1960 a conservative Boston lawyer, Robert Montgomery, long a student of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, published the first direct challenge to the dogma of innocence with his *Sacco-Vanzetti—The Murder and the Myth*. In his angry defense of the Massachusetts judiciary, Montgomery could see nothing in the two anarchists but a couple of sleazy criminals. Nevertheless, the facts that he marshaled for the prosecution, the holes that he punched in the various defense alibis, are impressive. After his book appeared, anyone glibly asserting the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti had a formidable obstacle to reckon with. James Rorty, an earlier dogmatist, a Sacco-Vanzetti street demonstrator and poet of the cause, in reviewing Montgomery's book for the *New Leader* wrote that it stood like a lion in the path of Sacco-Vanzetti defenders.

Two years later a liberal New York lawyer, James Grossman, made his own independent examination of the trial evidence and the later proceedings. His careful analysis, appearing in an article in *Commentary*, concluded that Sacco and Vanzetti were indeed guilty. *Protest: Sacco and Vanzetti and the Intellectuals*, published in 1965 by the New York history professor David Felix, is another landmark in the re-evaluation of the case. With no ax to grind and no emotional commitments to either side, Felix concerned himself chiefly with

the symbol and the dogma in relation to the facts. Were Sacco and Vanzetti guilty? Was the trial with its aftermath of appeals and hearings fair? His first conclusion was that the two were guilty. Perhaps his most unchallengeable reason for so believing was that when the two were arrested, they, the self-proclaimed pacifists, carried loaded weapons: Sacco, a Colt automatic; Vanzetti, a Harrington & Richardson revolver. Repeated tests and comparisons since the trial by a number of ballistics experts have proved beyond any rational doubt that a shell found at the scene of the crime and a bullet taken from the body of the murdered payroll guard, Alessandro Berardelli, match test bullets and shells fired from Sacco's Colt. And though it cannot be proved indubitably, it is in the highest degree probable that the Harrington & Richardson revolver taken from Berardelli as he lay dying was the one found on Vanzetti at his arrest.

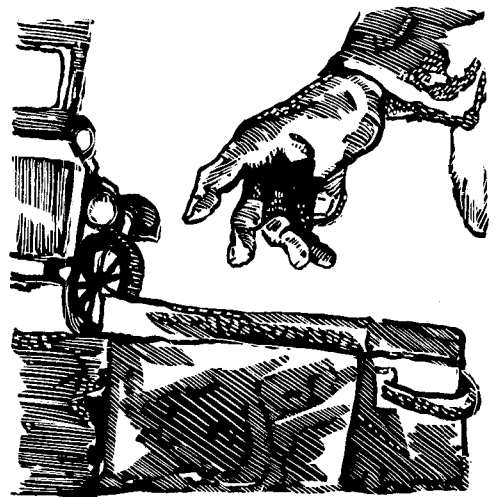
As to the question of the fairness of the trial, Felix has read the transcript with unblinkered eyes. He has interviewed a surviving juror and just about everybody else left who was once connected with the case, even managing to talk over the whole trial process with the highly respected justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, Harold Williams (since deceased), who, as assistant district attorney, shared in the prosecution of Sacco and Vanzetti. In his summary view the trial was reasonably fair, the judge—whatever his outside limitations—conducted himself on the bench with propriety, and in the light of the dubious post-trial evidence produced as exceptions "the Supreme Court and the Governor had no alternative but to uphold the verdict."

If this is true, how was it then that the intellectual world felt so overwhelmingly and bitterly otherwise? Intellectuals, in Felix's opinion, identifying themselves with two portrayed idealists in rebellion against Philistines and Pharisees, were caught up in an act of faith. Believing "in innocence and betrayal through a burst of revelation; they began with pure emotion and applied their best intelligence to the proof of it."

I

As opposed to the complications of the case, the crime of which Sacco and Vanzetti were convicted was a simple

robbery and murder. Ten miles south of Boston in the small mill town of South Braintree early in the afternoon of April 15, 1920, Frederick Parmenter, the paymaster of the Slater & Morrill shoe factory, was preparing to take the week's payroll of \$15,776.51 from the company office to the factory several hundred yards away. Accompanied by his guard, Alessandro Berardelli, who was armed with a 38-caliber Harrington & Richardson revolver, he set off down Pearl Street and across the railroad tracks to the factory in the hollow. Each man carried part of the cash in a metal box. As they passed the Rice & Hutchins shoe factory on the way, two short swarthy men—one in a cap, one in a felt hat—who had been lounging against the fence, lunged forward at them. The man in the cap pulled a pistol from his pocket and fired three shots at Berardelli who dropped down on the gravel walk. Then, as Parmenter turned, the same man fired two shots into him. The paymaster let go of his cash box, staggered across the street and fell in the gutter.



The man in the cap then signaled, and a Buick touring car that had been parked below Slater & Morrill's started jerkily up Pearl Street. There were three men in the car: the driver, a man in the back seat, and a third—also in a cap—crouched on the running board with an automatic pistol in his hand. Parmenter lay mortally wounded, but his guard had revived enough to get to his hands and knees. As the Buick slowed down, the man on the running board sprang off and stepping to the swaying Berardelli fired at him point-blank. The guard collapsed. Meanwhile the first two bandits had piled into the

back seat with the cash boxes. After firing several shots at workers peering out the factory windows, the third bandit—who by this time had lost his cap—also climbed into the back seat. While the car picked up speed as it moved toward the crossing, he crawled over into the front seat and leaning out waved his pistol threateningly at the crowd that had begun to gather.

The car, its rear curtain removed and a shotgun protruding from the gap, reached the end of Pearl Street, rounded the corner and disappeared. Dozens saw the crime and the disappearance of the getaway car, and their quick, confused impressions would prove contradictory. But a shoe-cutter on the second floor workroom of Rice & Hutchins did peer out the window long enough to observe the Buick's rear license plate, and this he wrote down on his cutting board: 49783. As the Buick sped south it was seen at a number of points along the road over the next hour. Twelve miles away it so startled a Brockton High School student, Julia Kelliher, by its speed that she tried to take down the



license-plate number. She managed to make out 9783 but missed the first digit, and she wrote the four numbers in the sand with a stick. The car—or at least a car with the bandits in it—was last seen by the gate-tender at the Matfield railroad crossing, eight miles beyond where the girl had seen it.

The fourth shot killed Berardelli. Parmenter died early the following morning. Two days later the Buick was found abandoned in the woods halfway between Brockton and Matfield Crossing. It turned out to have been stolen on November 23 in Needham, a small town on the suburban fringe of

Boston. The license plates 49783 had also been stolen in Needham on January 6. On the day before Christmas there had been an unsuccessful holdup attempt in Bridgewater, fifteen miles south of Braintree. A moustached man with a shotgun had got out of a Hudson touring car and fired both barrels at the L. Q. White Shoe Company's payroll truck, while another bandit fired a pistol at the driver. In spite of the random firing no one was injured. Witnesses spotted the license plates of the Hudson. These plates had been stolen on December 22, also in Needham, and not far from where the Buick had been stolen. After being found abandoned in the woods near Brockton, the Buick had been driven to the Brockton police station where Lieutenant Albert Guerin dusted it in an unsuccessful attempt to register fingerprints. Most of the bystanders had described the South Braintree bandits as Italians. There was no further trace of them.

Two miles from the spot where the Buick had been abandoned, in a section of West Bridgewater called Cochesett, two Italians—Ferruccio Coacci and Mike Boda—were living in a two-story shack known as Puffer's Place. Boda, a short dapper man with a clipped moustache, was a bootlegger by trade, a distributor of anarchist and radical pamphlets by avocation. He owned a 1912 Overland which he kept in a shed beside the house.

Coacci was one of six local Italians who, shortly after the passage of the 1918 Deportation Act, had been arrested by Bridgewater's police chief, Michael Stewart, at the request of the Immigration Service. Charged with spreading literature advocating the overthrow of the government, the six were marked down for deportation, and released on bail. Stewart supposed that they had long since been sent back to Italy.

Such was not the case. The atmosphere of fear that Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer's roundup of alien Reds and radicals had engendered in the large cities of the United States seems not to have percolated into rural Massachusetts. Coacci was released on condition that he marry the woman he had been living with and support his two children—both of whom had been born at the state almshouse. While awaiting his deportation order he had worked at the Slater & Morrill factory in South Braintree. In April 1920, after receiv-

ing notice to report on the fifteenth at the East Boston Immigration Station, he quit his job. But when the fifteenth arrived he telephoned the Immigration Service to say that his wife was sick and he needed a few extra days to take care of her. An immigration inspector was sent out that evening to investigate and arrived at Puffer's Place with a Bridgewater patrolman. Although the inspector could see nothing wrong with Coacci's wife, he offered to let Coacci stay an extra week, but the Italian now insisted that he wanted to go at once in order to get back to his sick father in Italy. Packing his bag, he announced he was ready to go that minute. Having other plans for the evening, the inspector reluctantly agreed to take him, but, before they left, he suggested that Coacci leave some money behind for his wife and children. Coacci—who had \$200 with him—said they did not need any.

Informed by the inspector, and belatedly curious about the Italians living in Cochesett and their possible connection with the two holdups, Stewart dropped in at Puffer's Place a few days after Coacci had gone. He found Boda still there. Pretending that he was from the Immigration Service and needed a photograph of Coacci, Stewart went through the house. He asked Boda if he had a gun, and Boda produced a Spanish-type automatic which he said he never carried outside. When Stewart asked about the shed next to the house, Boda said he had kept his Overland there until it had been towed to Simon Johnson's Elm Square Garage a mile away.

Flight from Puffer's Place

Stewart left empty-handed, but the more he thought about Boda, the more suspect the Italian seemed. Early next morning the chief returned to Puffer's Place. Boda saw him through the window and refused to answer the door. When Stewart came back that evening for the third time, the house was empty and Boda had vanished. His Overland, however, was still at the Elm Square Garage. On learning this the chief told Johnson to notify him at once if anyone came to claim it.

At about nine o'clock on the night of May 5, Johnson was at home with his wife, a quarter of a mile from his garage, when an agitated Boda knocked on the door and said he had come for his

auto. Johnson could see a motorcycle across the street, and three men standing in the shadows. He told Boda that no one could drive the auto without license plates, prolonging the conversation while his wife slipped next door to telephone Chief Stewart. Boda grew uneasy, said finally that it was too late to get the Overland now and that he'd send someone with the plates the next day. He and one of the men then drove off on the motorcycle, though not before Johnson had noted the license plate number. The other two walked down the road, following the Bridgewater-Brockton trolley line. Johnson finally saw them board the next Brockton-bound car. When Chief Stewart learned this from Johnson, he telephoned the Brockton police to pick up two foreigners on the Bridgewater trolley car who had tried to steal an auto.

When the car arrived in Brockton, the police were waiting. Two officers boarded the car before it had come to a stop and found the suspects—one with high cheek bones and a drooping moustache who wore a felt hat; the other a short clean-shaven but swarthy man in a derby and overcoat. The suspects were taken to the Brockton police station. The man with the moustache gave his name as Bartolomeo Vanzetti; the other, in the derby, as Nicola Sacco—two Italians of whom no one had ever heard. When they were searched Vanzetti was found to have a 38-caliber Harrington & Richardson revolver, its five chambers loaded with two Remington and three U.S. cartridges; \$20; four 12-gauge shotgun shells; and a penciled announcement prepared for printing. The announcement read:

Proletarians, you have fought all the wars. You have worked for all the owners. You have wandered over all the countries. Have you harvested the fruits of your labors, the price of your victories? Does the past comfort you? Does the present smile on you? Does the future promise you anything? Have you found a piece of land where you can live like a human being and die like a human being? On these questions, on this argument, and on this theme, the struggle for existence, Bartolomeo Vanzetti will speak. Hour— Day— Hall—Admission free. Freedom of discussion to all. Take the ladies with you.

Sacco had a 32-caliber Colt automatic tucked in his waistband. The Colt had eight cartridges in the clip and one

in the chamber. In his pocket were 23 loose cartridges, all 32-caliber but of assorted makes—Peters, U.S., Winchester and Remington.

The two Italians were questioned, first by Chief Stewart, later by District Attorney Frederick Katzmann, who had been hurriedly sent for. Vanzetti said he was a fish peddler from Plymouth who for the last two days had been visiting Sacco in South Stoughton. That evening they had intended to see Vanzetti's friend Pappi in Bridgewater, but after reaching the town decided it was too late and had taken the streetcar back. Pappi was the friend's nickname. Vanzetti did not know his real name or address. He denied knowing anyone named Boda or Coacci. He had not seen a man on a motorcycle. He did not remember what he had been doing on April 15. His revolver he carried because he needed it for protection in his business. It was one he had bought four or five years ago on Hanover Street in Boston for \$18. At the same time he had bought a box of cartridges. Most of them he had fired off on the beach at Plymouth. The six remaining were in the revolver. The shotgun shells were ones he had found in the kitchen cabinet while visiting Sacco.

Sacco said he was married and lived in South Stoughton where he had worked for two years in the Three-K shoe factory. He had never been in West Bridgewater before, nor had he seen a motorcycle. He was not an anarchist or a Communist. On April 15 he had been working. He had read about the South Braintree murders in the *Post* and remembered "there was bandits robbing money." He carried his Colt because there were a lot of bad men about. He had bought it at a shop near Hanover Street. The cartridges were from a box he had bought at the same time, and they just happened to be in his pocket. He had planned to shoot them off in the woods.

\$18 for a \$5 Gun

At their trial Sacco and Vanzetti admitted that they had lied on the night of their arrest, not out of any sense of guilt, but because they as radicals feared for their own safety and that of their friends in the period of a country-wide terror campaign against Reds. Yet, even if this alibi were accepted, it did not account for many of their contradictions. Vanzetti, obviously unaware

that his cheap revolver was worth about \$5, said he had paid \$18 for it. If indeed he had fired it on the beach and reloaded it, how could he have failed to notice that the cylinder held *five* and not *six* cartridges? If Sacco had bought his cartridges in a sealed box, how could the box contain four different brands of cartridge? These questions were never answered.

Sacco and Vanzetti, if they had not been armed at the time of their arrest, would in all likelihood have been released for lack of evidence. Although witnesses at their trial identified them with varying degrees of positiveness, such evidence merely underlined the inescapable fact that for all their pacific professions, they had been seized with the weapons of death on them. Although at the Dedham trial attempts by experts on both sides using calipers to measure the bullets test-fired from Sacco's Colt against the so-called Bullet III—the bullet that had killed Berardelli—were so primitive as to be worthless, the evidence of the guns and the bullets was primary in convicting the two men. Sacco at his arrest had the Colt tucked in his belt and in his pocket the four different makes of cartridge. Shells of three of these four makes—one of them an obsolete Winchester variety—had been found in the gravel near Berardelli's body. Vanzetti, in addition to his Harrington & Richardson revolver, had the four shotgun shells in his pocket that might have fitted the shotgun used at Bridgewater and seen protruding from the South Braintree getaway car. Beyond this incriminating arsenal was the fact that Sacco had been absent from his job on the day of the murders; and though he now claimed to have been in Boston, six of the seven witnesses who would swear to having seen him there were Italians. Years after the trial the youngest Dedham juror, John Dever, revealed that he and his fellow jurors had been convinced chiefly by the guns and the bullets. "We received the very important evidence about the bullets, and everybody had a chance to speak his piece," he told a reporter. "There was never any argument, though. We just were convinced that Sacco and Vanzetti had done what the prosecution had charged them with." Another juror, Seward Parker, admitted a generation later that the testimony of the witnesses was contradictory, "but the bullets, there's no way of getting round that."

Just after his arrest, several witnesses had identified Vanzetti as the man they had seen firing the shotgun in the abortive Bridgewater holdup, and six weeks later and over ten months before the Dedham trial, he went on trial in Plymouth for attempted robbery and murder. Five prosecution witnesses identified him positively; eleven defense witnesses—all Italian friends and neighbors—swore that he had been selling eels in Plymouth that day. Vanzetti did not take the stand in his defense, and the issue of radicalism was not introduced in the trial which became a straight matter of the credibility of witnesses. The jury chose to believe the five who testified to having seen Vanzetti in Bridgewater. Forty years later David Felix interviewed the sole surviving juror, Arthur S. Nickerson, a Plymouth electrician. Nickerson said that during the trial he knew nothing of Vanzetti's political beliefs. "To me it was a trial about a holdup," he told Felix. "All of us looked on the man there as a poor devil. It didn't make any difference what he was. The thing was—did he do it? If there was anything else I would have hollered." Vanzetti, quickly found guilty, was sentenced to twelve to fifteen years in state prison. The account of the trial and the sentencing, buried in the back pages of the local papers, aroused less than passing interest even in Massachusetts, and no interest elsewhere.

Enter Moore

But for the advent of Fred Moore, the bohemian radical lawyer and former general counsel for the IWW—the Wobblies—the Dedham trial might have remained that of two obscure wops in a jam, of scarcely more interest than the trial in Plymouth. The original defense of the two Italians had been organized by their anarchist friends, headed by the Boston printer Aldino Felicani and entrusted to local lawyers. But after the Plymouth verdict Carlo Tresca, the New York anarchist leader, angrily intervened, sending Moore to Boston to take charge of the case. Since the deportation of the leonine Luigi Galleani, Tresca—a man whose radicalism was tempered by an almost irresistible charm—had assumed the informal leadership of the anarchists in the United States. To him his friend Moore seemed the logical and necessary choice to rescue Sacco and



Vanzetti, a man who had spurned a career as a corporation lawyer to devote his sharp talents to defending labor radicals. Moore had made his name by taking on hopeless and desperate cases where money was lacking for better-known lawyers. Trusted by the left-wing unions, the confidant of the Wobblies, with radical connections that extended far beyond the boundaries of the United States, in each case he defended he assumed a prosecution frame-up and acted accordingly. Under his astute manipulation the two wops in a jam would evolve into personifications of capitalist injustice in a case that he intended to be the culmination of his career. "In saving them we strengthen our muscles," he explained to a friend, "develop our forces preparatory to the day when we save ourselves." Moore's young friend, the left-wing journalist Eugene Lyons, who would follow him to Boston to take charge of publicity for the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, explained long afterward:

Moore was at heart an artist: Instinctively he recognized the materials of a world issue in what appeared to others a routine matter. Not one of the members of the defense committee formed immediately after the men's arrest suspected that the affair was anything larger than it seemed. When the case grew into an historical tussle, these men were utterly bewildered. But Moore saw its magnitude from the first. His legal tactics have been the subject of dispute and recrimination. I think that there is some color of truth, indeed, to the charge that he sometimes subordinated the literal needs of legalistic procedure to the larger needs of the case as a symbol of the class struggle. If he had not done so, Sacco and Vanzetti would have died six years earlier, without the solace of martyrdom.

But for Moore there would have been no case as it is today remembered, and the Dedham trial—whatever its outcome—would have been long forgotten. The trial, originally scheduled for March 1921, was postponed three months at Moore's request. He spent the intervening period working up sensational appeals, writing, telegraphing, appearing in person at meetings all over the country. He took two aliens, neither of whom sympathized or cooperated with the organized labor movement, and fashioned them into generic figures of the workingman. And when he sent word that another frame-up was in the offing, his word was good enough for the more class-conscious unions from coast to coast. Early in 1921 the Communist Workers' Defense Union published a pamphlet by Art Shields, "Are They Doomed? The Sacco-Vanzetti Case and the Grim Events behind It," with a sensational cover drawn by Robert Minor; and a December 1920 issue of the *New Republic*, denouncing the Plymouth trial, first linked the names Sacco-Vanzetti as a future slogan for the liberal intelligentsia of the United States.

Exit Moore

By the end of 1920 Moore's case was gathering momentum. Vociferously he insisted that Sacco and Vanzetti could not and would not get a fair hearing in the biased atmosphere of Massachusetts. In his experience rigged trials had been common enough, but in any case it was part of his general strategy to claim unfairness in advance. His inflammatory insistence began to cause stirrings across the country, echoed overseas through the efforts of the Defense Committee's Spanish and Italian anarchists. Months before the trial Judge Webster Thayer had begun to receive several hundred threatening letters a month, most of them from foreign countries. After Sacco and Vanzetti had been found guilty, in July 1921, large-scale demonstrations against the verdict took place in France and Italy, with lesser demonstrations in Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal and Scandinavia. Some of the agitation was anarchist-inspired, some actually spontaneous, but mostly it was directed by French Communist leaders. "From the beginning, the Communists stood at the head of the Sacco-Vanzetti campaign," Zelt boasted. Although the protesters included men of

good will of all beliefs and persuasions, control of the movement remained in the hands of the Communist International and, later, the subsidiary International Red Aid, founded by the Cheka chief, Dzerzhinsky.

When, contrary to European procedure, the guilty verdict was not quickly followed by sentencing and execution but by a long sequence of appeals and postponements, agitation faded away. For almost five years the case remained dormant, the concern chiefly of the obscure and devoted members of the Defense Committee. Moore, as diligently inventive as he was heedless of expense in concocting new trial motions and in suborning or if necessary inventing witnesses, eventually fell out with Sacco and the Committee. After receiving a savage letter from Sacco in August 1924, penniless and discouraged, he withdrew as chief counsel. A few years later he died of cancer. For three more years the case continued through sluggish legal channels to its inevitable conclusion, a hibernating issue until in March 1927, Frankfurter's article streaked like a skyrocket across the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The article and the sentencing of the two men to death in April set off the final conclusive stage of the case, renewed the agitation with volcanic suddenness and intensity. Moore had indeed achieved the success he had dreamed of, for in the next four months the case of Sacco and Vanzetti expanded round the globe. At the end of August when, despite all protests, the executions finally took place, Boston had become a beleaguered city. Millions all over the world had come to identify their own fate with that of the two condemned anarchists. There were those like Eugene Lyons who, numb with pain after the executions, wondered "why I could not weep and shriek with the hurt of it, just as I was to wonder seven years later at my father's coffin." For intellectuals, like Noel and Herta Field, the executions were a shock that would lead them into the Communist Party, and in the Fields' case to a Communist prison. The self-consuming indignation of the intellectuals in the United States was taken up with violence by the masses all over Europe. Although by the year's end the demonstrations had faded away, the memory of the two men remained green, refreshed by memorial meetings on each anniversary of their death;

and the symbolism of their linked names endured—in literature and art and in the canons of liberal thought.

II

As an undergraduate in the Thirties I believed in the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti as fully as did any of those who had demonstrated so passionately in Boston the night of their execution. I accepted the dogma with a certain *Schadenfreude* based on my non-Yankee dislike of the still-dominant Boston Yankee and my adolescent revolt against my own father who had known some of the ballistics experts involved and who had always maintained, with what I considered self-righteous belligerence, that the two men were guilty. Not that I knew much about the case. My opinions had been formed by Dos Passos' *U.S.A.*, by a hasty reading of Frankfurter and by a more careful reading of *The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti*. That Vanzetti in particular could express himself with such picturesque eloquence convinced me that he and Sacco could not have been guilty of the sordid South Braintree robbery-murder. And unformulated but lurking in my mind was the thought that even if they had been guilty, the fact that they could write such letters and that they had waited seven years behind bars for their execution should have spared them. As to who did commit the crime, I thought I had found the answer in the superficially plausible book by their later junior counsel Herbert Ehrmann, *The Untried Case*, in which he demonstrated to his satisfaction, and to mine, that the holdup had been the work of a gang of petty thieves, pimps and racketeers from Providence, Rhode Island, known as the Morelli gang.

To reinforce my conviction of the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti I determined to sit down some day and read the complete transcript of the trial, but not until after World War II did I finally get round to those six formidable volumes with their several thousand closely printed pages. Living in Wellesley in 1953, some eight miles from Dedham, I happened to be called for a month's jury duty in the very courthouse where Sacco and Vanzetti had been tried 32 years before. In that dull month concerned mostly with weighing the rights and wrongs of auto accidents, I found I had plenty of overlapping hours to talk with the court attendants,



a number of whom still remembered the famous trial. The ancient Sheriff Capen, resplendent in blue serge cutaway with large brass buttons, had been sheriff at the time. During the long lunch period he would tell me about his most celebrated trial and once even took me up the street to the jail to show me Sacco's old cell. No doubt of their guilt troubled his mind, yet during the trial he had come to like them. He remembered them as "both good boys." "I knew Nick best," he said, "but they were both good boys. Never any trouble."

The Transcript Speaks

Only after my month at Dedham did I finally sit down with the trial transcript. Much, I knew, the record could not offer—the atmosphere of the court with its tensions, the physical appearance and demeanor of the witnesses, the subtleties that could be gathered only from a tone of voice. Yet as far as I could through the printed word I tried to imagine myself on the jury of that vanished 1921 summer, knowing nothing of the background of the case and concerned solely with the question of whether two men had murdered two other men as judged by the evidence. To my slow but growing surprise I found in the unfolding record a much stronger case for the prosecution than I had imagined. To my further surprise I found very little that I could take exception to. District Attorney Katzmman was indeed hard in his hammering at the defendants' lack of patriotism as shown by their fleeing to Mexico to avoid the 1917 draft. Yet it was Moore who had introduced the subject of radicalism into the trial in an effort to account for his clients' suspicious ac-



tions on the night of their arrest. Even that explanation seemed halting and unsatisfactory 32 years later.

The driver of the motorcycle on the night Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested was Ricardo Orciani, a moulder in a factory near Dedham. Traced by his motorcycle's number plate, he was arrested after Sacco and Vanzetti but soon released when he furnished a time-clock alibi that he had been working on April 15. Although nothing could be proved against him, it was the prosecution's contention that he, Boda, Coacci, Sacco and Vanzetti were the men who had been involved in the South Braintree holdup and that the four—minus the deported Coacci—had gone to Bridgewater on May 5 for Boda's car to use it in one more holdup before Sacco's scheduled return to Italy on May 8.

Vanzetti and Sacco, testifying in their defense, had explained their ambiguous conduct on the night of their arrest by their fears of the government's anti-Red drive. Vanzetti declared that they wanted Boda's car to visit an old Plymouth friend, Pappi, to tell him about the next meeting, where Vanzetti would speak. Then they were going on to Plymouth to collect four or five hundred pounds of incriminating radical literature from "three, five or six" vague friends in Bridgewater, Hyde Park, Haverhill and Salem—places so far apart that they could not have reached them all before morning. Even granted the fear-ridden atmosphere that they claimed, their story was confused and conflicting. Vanzetti had not seen Pappi in the four years since the man had moved to Bridgewater and did not even know his address there. And for all their zeal to collect incriminating literature, they had not even bothered to

dispose of the pile of anarchist pamphlets in Sacco's Stoughton bungalow—even though they had spent the afternoon of May 5 there doing nothing. They could give no plan as to how or where they were to collect hundreds of pounds of literature or what they were to do with the material afterward. Vanzetti, shaken by Katzmann's cross examination and caught up in his own contradictions, fell back on the Pappi story when the literature alibi seemed too thin. At one point Katzmann forced him to admit that he had really not intended to pick up any pamphlets that evening at all.

As I turned the yellowed pages, I could not help but feel that if Sacco and Vanzetti on May 5 had been as much in fear of the authorities as they made out, Vanzetti would scarcely have been preparing to speak on anarchism at an open meeting in Brockton on May 9. Nor had the two men seemed unduly apprehensive after their arrests but before they found themselves charged with murder. At the Brockton police station Vanzetti told a comrade from Boston that even if they were going to be deported they would at least get a free ride back to Italy. Whether or not someone else had punched the time-clock for Orciani, he was not so much fearful as cocky when the police picked him up. During the early part of the trial he even acted as Moore's chauffeur. Coacci had shown little uneasiness or apprehension in his dealing with the immigration authorities. And Boda, a bootlegger by trade, had shown none at all until his discreet disappearance after Stewart's minatory visit.

How Fair a Trial?

In spite of myself I had to conclude that the trial had not been notably unfair and that the verdict was a reasonable one. Years later I found my impression confirmed by several surviving members of the press who had attended the trial. Lucien Thayer, an elderly feature writer for the *Boston Globe*, found the trial fair enough as a young reporter. "I know my colleague Frank Sibley didn't think so," he told me, "but Frank was a romantic. I thought it was a proper trial and a proper verdict." So did the youngest of the jurors, John Dever, who had grown up with Italians in Barre, Vermont. At his first glimpse of the two Italians from the jury box he thought that they:

did not look like criminals. Sacco appeared to be an alert, bright and rather clean-cut young fellow. Every time I looked at Vanzetti he seemed to be thinking with an impassive look on his face or listening intently to whatever was taking place at the time. . . . My sympathies were with the men on trial and I was hoping that the evidence would not be sufficient to establish their guilt "beyond a reasonable doubt."

As for Judge Thayer's charge to the jury that Frankfurter had attacked so savagely, I could find nothing in it to take exception to, even though, out of deference to the authority of such a noted jurist, I read it through three times. I still did not believe the two guilty, in spite of their weapons and their bizarre explanations for what they were doing on the night of May 5. But I saw them now as victims of circumstances and mistaken identity.

Moore Again

When I began to write a book on the case I hoped with luck to be able to prove beyond anyone's doubting that Sacco and Vanzetti were truly innocent, although I was no longer prepared to say—as I had once said with belligerent emphasis on the platform of the Community Church—that the trial had been unfair. Beginning my work with no second thoughts as to their innocence I was astonished to discover that their counsel, Fred Moore, had developed his own doubts. At about the time of their execution he had told his friend Upton Sinclair that "Sacco was probably, Vanzetti possibly guilty." For a time I was willing to agree with the dismayed Sinclair that Moore had become embittered and his mind poisoned following his dismissal from the case. But I then learned that Moore had developed his doubts long before this, and that he had revealed them to Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union and several other close Sacco-Vanzetti supporters. According to Eugene Lyons, Moore had spent much time following the trail of a criminal group he had reason to believe was involved in the South Braintree crime. "But when he got to the end of the trail," Lyons wrote, "the Italian anarchist members of the Committee called him in and ordered him to 'lay off.' They wouldn't say why."

Nevertheless, Moore's doubts did not become mine. I still accepted Ehrmann's

thesis, based on the confession of a convicted murderer, Celestino Madeiros, that the Morellis had engineered the South Braintree holdup. Madeiros, under sentence of death in the Dedham jail, had signed a confession that he had been one of the South Braintree bandits but refused to name the others, although he described them. Taking the hint, Ehrmann went to Providence and soon convinced himself that the other four were members of the Morelli gang. On the basis of his investigations he filed a motion for a new trial and, some time after this was denied, used the material in his book.

Madeiros' story was that he had left Providence early on the morning of April 15 with four confederates in a Hudson touring car. About three miles from South Braintree in a rendezvous in the Randolph Woods they had switched autos. After acquiring a Buick touring car, they went to Boston, stopped briefly at a speakeasy, and returned to Providence. Then for the second time that day they started off for Massachusetts, arriving at another speakeasy a few miles from South Braintree at about noon. There they killed time until just before three o'clock when they left to stage the holdup. Madeiros claimed that he stayed in the back seat during the shootings, too drunk to be aware of what was happening outside. The payroll money had been in a black bag that one of the bandits had tossed into the back of the Buick. They had then driven to the Randolph Woods hideout where they had changed back to the Hudson and returned to Providence for good.

No More Morellis

For all my original belief in Ehrmann's hypothesis, I found as I examined it piecemeal that it fell apart. The getaway car had first been noticed in South Braintree at half-past nine on the morning of the crime and with its five conspicuously foreign strangers had been seen again at various points in the town: at half-past ten; at half-past eleven; at half-past twelve; at twenty minutes past two—hours during which Madeiros claimed that he and his gang had been driving back and forth between Providence and Boston. The payroll money was in two rectangular boxes, not in a bag. Some time in November 1919, the Buick had been stolen from Needham, and a month later the

number plates had been taken from a garage there. One could scarcely conceive of the professional Morellis driving fifty miles on two separate occasions to an unfamiliar Boston suburb to steal a car and plates. And if one were to believe Madeiros, the Morellis had even been fools enough to have switched the getaway car's plates to the Hudson for the long and conspicuous journey to Providence. For Julia Kelliher had noted the telltale plates of the getaway car some seven miles *beyond* the Randolph Woods. Nor did it seem to me merely a coincidence that the number plates of the earlier Bridgewater holdup car had also been stolen in Needham.

A touring car with five dubious passengers had been seen by the gate-tender at the Matfield crossing 22 miles from South Braintree an hour and a quarter after the shooting. Desperate men in a high-powered car would not have taken so long to cover so short a distance. Even allowing a modest average speed of 25 miles an hour, there was a time lag somewhere of twenty minutes. Where did it take place? The getaway car was spotted at 3:12 before it reached the Randolph Woods; seven minutes later it was seen two miles the other side of the woods—certainly not time enough for the bandits to drive a hundred yards into the shrubbery, switch cars and license plates, transfer the payroll boxes and drive off again. Julia Kelliher saw the car at 3:45 and its speed of fifty miles an hour so startled her that she wrote down the number. Half an hour later a car arrived at the Matfield crossing eight and a half miles away, a distance that should have taken ten minutes. Here indeed was the twenty-minute time lag, easily accounted for if one assumes that the car shift took place just off the same road 3.2 miles beyond the girl, where the Buick was found abandoned two days later.

The contrary weight of facts was just too much for Madeiros' story and Ehrmann's hypothesis. As to what Madeiros hoped to gain by such a false confession, the answer is that being under sentence of death, he managed to stave off his execution for several years. In the Dedham jail he had read the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee's financial report, and undoubtedly hoped that an organization that had already spent a quarter of a million dollars might be of help to him. He had little to lose.

Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers long claimed that two alien Reds had no chance at the hands of a Yankee jury in 1921 Dedham. Dever's autobiography did not seem to bear them out. Nor did an item that I stumbled across in a local Boston paper about one Segros Zagroff who, fifteen months before Sacco and Vanzetti, had been tried in Dedham on charges of advocating anarchy and the overthrow of the government. Zagroff, an admitted anarchist, had been picked up in a local radical club the walls of which were decorated with pictures of the new Bolshevik leaders. Nevertheless the Dedham Yankee jury acquitted him on the grounds that he had merely "talked on the subject" and not tried to use violence to bring about his aims.

Tresca's Doubts

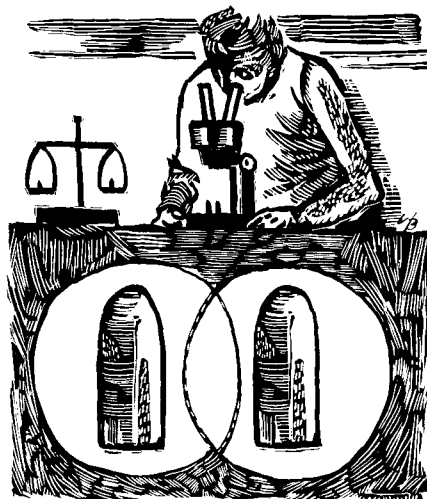
I was surprised to discover that the question of the trial's fairness was not raised until five years after the trial itself. Later counsel made it a flaming issue, but Moore, while the Dedham jury was still out, told Judge Thayer, with whom he had clashed repeatedly, that whatever the verdict no one could say that his clients had not had a fair trial. Even though I found myself forced to admit that the trial had not been unfair, I still remained convinced that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent men. I had thought of myself as impartial, but I know now that I was more committed emotionally to their innocence than I realized. Whatever the awkward facts, I managed to push them aside. I could—if never wholly satisfactorily—explain away the men's being armed at the time of their arrest, the shakiness of their "radical" alibi, the undisputed fact that Sacco was absent from his job on the day of the crime, the cap found near Berardelli's body that might well have been Sacco's, the various positive identifications by witnesses, Moore's doubts. It was only when I learned that Carlo Tresca had said that Sacco was guilty that I realized I had to re-examine my own opinions. If anyone should have known the truth, it was Tresca, the most admired and influential anarchist leader left in the United States, to whom his comrades turned automatically when they were in trouble. He knew their innermost secrets. He fought for them in his newspaper *Il Martello*, with his mind and even his hands. In 1943 he was mur-

dered in New York by a GPU agent of many aliases, Carlos Contreras. Shortly before his death he was with his old friend Max Eastman who asked him: "Carlo, would you feel free to tell me the truth about Sacco and Vanzetti?" Tresca could have said they were innocent or that he did not know or that he did not feel free to talk. Instead, and without hesitation, he told his friend: "Sacco was guilty, but Vanzetti was not."

The bullet tests that I sponsored in 1961, originally hoping that they would indicate Sacco's innocence, merely confirmed Tresca's admission. Those tests, involving the use of the comparison microscope, had a complicated background. Today the comparison microscope is the only reliable device used to determine whether a particular shell or bullet has been fired from a particular gun. One lens focuses on the crime shell or bullet, the other on a shell or bullet test-fired from a suspect's gun. The microscope—really a twin microscope—then fuses the two images. The result is as accurate as a fingerprint comparison. But at the Sacco-Vanzetti trial the then-unfamiliar comparison microscope was not used at all. Bullet III, the fatal bullet taken from Berardelli's body, was measured with calipers by various experts and compared with test bullets fired from Sacco's Colt. Two defense experts, James Burns and J. Henry Fitzgerald, testified that Bullet III had not been fired from Sacco's pistol. Captain Charles Van Amburgh—later to become head of the Massachusetts State Police ballistics laboratory—testified that he was "inclined to believe" that Bullet III had been fired from Sacco's Colt. Captain William Proctor of the State Police was even more circumspect in his opinion that Bullet III was "consistent with being fired from that pistol." Proctor later maintained that what he had meant by "consistent" was merely that Bullet III had been fired from a 32-caliber Colt, and in an affidavit signed some time after the trial he stated that he had never really believed that the bullet had been fired from Sacco's Colt. He said that he had told the district attorney that if he were asked directly in court whether he thought Bullet III had come from Sacco's Colt he would have replied no. He may indeed have been telling the truth, yet when he signed his affidavit he had been involved in an angry dispute with the district attorney

over the amount of his expert witness fee.

In 1927, two months before Sacco and Vanzetti were executed and after Governor Alvan Fuller had appointed a special committee to investigate the case, the comparison microscope was finally brought in. On June 3, in the Clerk of Court's office at Dedham, a New York expert, Major Calvin Goddard, conducted tests with the comparison microscope on Bullet III and on Shell W, a shell found in the gravel near Berardelli's body, and with test bullets and shells. Present at the tests were Ehrmann; a later defense expert from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Professor Augustus Gill; the assistant district attorney and two newspapermen. Goddard's findings were that Bullet III and Shell W had been fired in Sacco's Colt and could have been fired in no other weapon. After looking through the microscope at the matched bullets, Professor Gill announced himself convinced, and shortly afterward severed his connection with the defense. One of the trial defense experts, James Burns, now repudiated his court testimony and accepted Goddard's findings.



Apparently Moore's successor as chief defense counsel, the Boston lawyer William G. Thompson, was also convinced of the validity of the tests if not of Sacco's guilt, for a few weeks later when he appeared before the governor's committee he charged that Bullet III and Shell W had been fired on a test range and afterwards had been fraudulently substituted for the original Bullet III and Shell W. Other defenders of Sacco and Vanzetti preferred to question Goddard's findings. They were aided in this by a mixup that occurred several months later when the police of Cleveland sent Goddard two bullets

taken from a murdered man's body to compare with two bullets test-fired from a suspect's revolver. Goddard found that the bullets had been fired from the revolver in question. Several weeks later, however, the suspect was able to prove that he had bought the revolver new, weeks after the murder. Sacco-Vanzetti supporters at once claimed that Goddard's reputation as an expert had been destroyed and that his Dedham tests could no longer be accepted as valid.

The Jumbled Bullets

Actually neither Goddard nor his microscope was at fault. What had happened was that the Cleveland police had mislabeled the two sets of bullets so that Goddard had matched test bullet with test bullet and murder bullet with murder bullet. Obviously they had matched.

Yet, since this episode still left doubt in many minds, I was anxious to have new bullet tests made. Unfortunately the original exhibits had disappeared. It took me some months to discover that after they had been examined by the governor's committee in 1927 and then sent to the State Police ballistics laboratory they had remained in a cupboard there until Van Amburgh—who after the trial had become first head of the laboratory—retired in 1946 and took them home with him. In 1960 they were in possession of his son. Once I located them I was able to have them recovered by the State Police, but it took another year of negotiation and a change of Commissioners of Public Safety before I was able to arrange for tests. Finally two experts, the late Colonel Frank Jury and Jack Weller, the honorary curator of the West Point Museum, in October 1961 made a series of comparative microscope tests in the State Police ballistics laboratory. There was the immediate question of the condition of the exhibits after so many years and also whether they were the same exhibits offered at the trial. Shells and bullets—Shell W and Bullet III, three more bullets taken from Berardelli's body, three more shells found near Berardelli, plus shells and bullets test-fired from Sacco's Colt in 1921—were in the original triple envelopes provided by the court, and after 34 years had not noticeably altered. They compared in every way with the photographs made of the exhibits at the time of the trial.

During the tests Weller and Jury, each with a comparison microscope, sat on the opposite sides of the laboratory. While Jury compared Shell W with the 1921 test shells, Weller compared Bullet III with test bullets. Then, without revealing their findings to each other, they changed places. Later they both stated in their written report that Bullet III and Shell W had been fired in Sacco's Colt and could not have been fired in any other weapon. I myself saw the various matchings, through the microscope, and the identical markings of shell and bullet with the test shells and bullets were indisputable. As an afterthought Colonel Jury decided to fire additional tests shots from Sacco's Colt, even though the barrel had rusted slightly and he was not sure he could get a clear impression. But after two shots had cleared the barrel, the impression came clear and true. Comparing the 1961 test shells and bullets with Shell W and Bullet III, the two experts again concluded that Shell W and Bullet III had been fired from Sacco's Colt and could have been fired in no other.

After the corroborative tests of Jury and Weller, one could only hold to a belief in Sacco's innocence by claiming, as did Thompson, that the prosecution had made a fraudulent substitution of Shell W and Bullet III. Since the exhibits before the trial were in the custody of Captain Proctor, he was the only one who would have been physically able to make such a substitution. But Proctor in his post-trial affidavit had stated his belief that Bullet III had not been fired in Sacco's Colt. If he had made a substitution, his conscience might afterward have troubled him but he would at least have *known* that Bullet III had come from Sacco's pistol. As for Shell W, no one at the time of the trial realized that the breech-block markings on a shell could be as telltale as the grooves in a bullet, so there would have been no apparent reason for switching shells. At the start of the trial District Attorney Katzmann had offered to give up trying to prove that any particular bullet came from any particular weapon, if Moore would also agree not to raise the issue. Moore refused. Obviously Katzmann would have made no such offer if he had previously arranged a fraudulent substitution. The only conclusion I could come to after the Jury-Weller tests was that Bullet III and Shell W were unsubsti-

tuted and that Sacco's Colt was the murder weapon.

But Who Fired?

Whether Sacco himself fired the shot that killed Berardelli seemed less certain. Although his was the murder weapon, he may not himself have fired it and so may have considered himself innocent. Yet Tresca had said without qualification that he was guilty. The cap found near Berardelli not only fitted Sacco, but George Magrath, the medical examiner, in comparing hairs found in the cap with those taken from Sacco's head found that they were identical. Sacco was absent from work on that fatal day. Half a dozen witnesses testified that they had seen him in Boston on April 15, but they were all except one Italians. Years later a former Boston anarchist, Anthony Ramuglia, admitted that he had been approached by his comrades to testify falsely that he had seen Sacco in Boston, and he would have done so except that just before going to court he recalled that on that particular day he had been in jail. The late Judge Musmanno maintained that no mere bullet tests could undermine Sacco's ironclad alibi of having been in Boston, but Ramuglia reduced it to paper thinness. Years after I had heard from Eastman's own lips his account of Tresca's admission, I learned that Tresca had amplified his remarks to a group that included Norman Thomas. Tresca again admitted that he had known of Sacco's participation in the South Braintree holdup-murders, and he had tried to persuade Sacco to proclaim his guilt in the defiant anarchist tradition and so allow the innocent Vanzetti to go free. But Sacco stubbornly insisted that he could win his case in court and Vanzetti's too.

Upton Sinclair, in planning his huge novel on the case, had come to Boston, and in 1953 revealed that he "had visited Sacco's family, and I felt certain that there was some dark secret there. Nobody would be frank with me, and everybody was suspicious even though I had been introduced and vouched for by Mrs. Evans, a great lady of Boston who had led and financed the fight for freedom of the two Italians." The dark secret has persisted. Sacco's son Dante lives with his family in Norwood only four miles from the courthouse where his father was convicted. Ines, Sacco's daughter born after his arrest, is mar-

ried and lives in a Boston suburb, while his since-remarried wife lives in Watertown across the river from Boston. In four decades of demonstrations, forums, debates, memorial meetings, anniversary banquets, agitation for posthumous pardons and other activities to keep the memory of the two anarchists green, the Saccos have taken no part. Never once have they even appeared on a public platform to encourage the defenders of their dead husband and father. In Maxwell Anderson's *Winter-set*, based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the son of an unjustly executed man gives his life to tracking down the real criminals. But over the years Sacco's son has refused to take any part in his father's vindication. To all queries he has replied with polite brevity that he refuses to discuss the case. Rosina Sacco and Ines have remained equally apart, equally silent. When in 1959 the newly formed Committee for the Vindication of Sacco and Vanzetti was arranging for a legislative hearing on a posthumous pardon for the two men, the Sacco family, to the rage of Felicani, protested against having the issue raised at all.

But if the Saccos after half a century are still bound to their dark secret, the friends of Vanzetti have nothing to hide. When I visited the Brinis in Plymouth, where Vanzetti used to board, they treated me as if I were myself a returned friend. Guileless and open, they showed me letters he had written to them, told me little intimate tales of his kindness, answered every question I put, still as convinced of his innocence as they were at the time of his trial and of his death.

For all that I still shared the Brinis' basic belief, I grew more and more



convinced that the Harrington & Richardson revolver found on Vanzetti was the one taken by the bandit from the dying Berardelli. Late in March Berardelli had brought his revolver to Iver Johnson's in Boston to have the hammer replaced. Vanzetti's old revolver was found to have a new hammer. Unfortunately Iver Johnson's did not then make a practice of recording the serial numbers of repaired guns, so that that positive evidence failed. Moore had brought in several witnesses to testify to their previous ownership of the revolver, the last witness being a Norwood moulder who said he had sold it to Orciani. Orciani, though present every day as Moore's chauffeur, refused to take the stand and explain how he had passed the revolver on to Vanzetti. I was left with the conviction that Vanzetti, whatever his innocence, had known the truth. By talking he could have saved his own life, but he preferred to die rather than betray his comrades, and I could not help but respect him for it.

Moore, before he left the case, had come to believe that it was Boda who had engineered the South Braintree holdup. The Boda theory has a Copernican simplicity about it that confronts with simple logic the Ptolemaic involutions of the Sacco-Vanzetti defenders. Boda had a brother who lived in a small Italian settlement on the bare fringe of Needham and worked at a dry cleaning plant in neighboring Wellesley. His presence and his knowledge of the neighborhood furnish a far more logical explanation for the theft of the Buick and the subsequent theft of the license plates than does the supposition that the Morellis drove all the way from Providence, on three separate oc-

casions, to that small community where they as strangers were bound to attract attention. Coacci had a shed next to his Puffer's Place shack where he could easily have concealed the Buick after it had been stolen. And when the Buick was abandoned after the holdup it was left in the woods a mere two miles from Puffer's Place. Smaller tire marks that might well have been those of Boda's Overland, led from the Buick to the road.

With Boda as the key figure, Coacci and Orciani fitted in easily as accomplices. But if Sacco was the fourth man, and Vanzetti not present, who was the fifth? The answer was supplied me from a 1922 Dedham case in which another Needham resident, William Dodson, was being sued for divorce. Dodson, it turned out, was a professional car thief. His wife testified that in the spring of 1920 he had given her \$800 of the \$1,000 he had received for driving the bandit car in South Braintree. In more ways than one, Dodson fitted the picture. He was a skilled driver who knew how to steal cars, who lived near Boda's brother and might have worked with him. Those who had noticed the Buick in South Braintree on the morning of the crime, as well as most of those who saw it later, testified that the driver was a pale man, not an Italian, with blue eyes, light hair and a long nose. Dodson in his police record is described as "sallow complexion, long nose, hazel eyes."

'Edwards' and 'Victor'

Not until after my book on the case, *Tragedy in Dedham*, was published did I learn about Ramuglia and his intended perjury from a letter I received from an old friend of his. Any book of passing interest results in a number of letters from well- and ill-wishers, and one that came to me from England may indeed be the key to the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Shortly after the appearance of the British edition of my book I received a letter, forwarded by my publisher, from an Albert Edwards* who described himself as a bus inspector at Hampton Court.

Perhaps the following may interest you [Edwards wrote]. In July 1962 I was on duty at Hampton Court. An elderly American spoke to me and I later

*For reasons of his privacy I have not given his real name.

showed him around the lovely gardens. He told me he had lived in America since 1903 when his parents had immigrated from Italy. Eventually I showed him where the American base had been at Bushey Park and he asked me to show him several public houses. He seemed familiar with the names of these public houses. When I questioned him he told me his son had been stationed in Bushey Park, he was in the U.S. Air Force.

One evening we sat in the rose garden at the Palace, he told me his name was "Victor." He had one son who had been killed in action.

Shortly before he left England, he again came to the pub which for him was the place his son had mentioned in his letters home. . . . My friend was very depressed, he told me, "My wife is dead, my son is dead, and I—not Vanzetti—should have sat in the chair." While we waited for his Green Line coach I asked him, "Did you know Sacco and Vanzetti?" "I knew Nick—not Vanzetti—" he said, "I was there, not Vanzetti."

I believe he spoke the truth. I would never try to identify him, I could only feel sorry for him.

I wrote to Edwards and received a reply a month later in which he said that he and his wife had fixed the date he had seen Victor as August 1962. He wrote:

Victor was about 68 years old, 5 ft. 8 in. tall and very broad shouldered. He was swarthy with deep-set eyes, grey haired, I would think he had been a good-looking man. His clothing was of good quality, he was neatly and quietly dressed. To the best of my recollection, his name sounded like Victor or Vittore Tortalini. His son was named Peter, his wife's name Charlotte. He told me his wife had been very religious. Victor was an agnostic.

He had left Catania, Sicily with his parents and had lived near a naval base in Southern Italy. I believe the name was Taranto. His family had come from Naples.

During the next year I corresponded with Edwards, receiving over a dozen letters giving me piecemeal Victor Tortalini's account of the South Braintree murders and how he had come to confide in a stranger. Edwards' own life had been hard. As a child he had almost starved. His father had deserted his mother, leaving her with five children, and to keep them alive she had worked herself to death. In 1918 when he was not yet sixteen he had lied about his age to join the army and had driven a Mark V tank. In 1957 he had



been arrested and charged with receiving stolen goods. His trial at the Old Bailey lasted for eight days, and at the end the jury disagreed. Following that he had a breakdown, and after six months in a mental hospital was sent to a special security ward in Brixton Prison. At his retrial he was acquitted. Since then he has been a bus inspector at Hampton Court. In almost every letter he wrote of the beautiful park and garden, the joy he took in being there and in watching his grandchildren at play. He seemed, from the tone of his letters, to be a quiet, decent man who loved the outdoors.

Edwards felt that the name Tortalini was a false one. On their first meeting he and Victor were together for three hours. A few days later they met at ten in the morning and Edwards spent the rest of the day guiding Victor about, showing him Runnymede and later the site of the American base at Bushey Park. During their lunch at The Bells in Hampton they sat at a table near the window overlooking the Hurst Park race course. When the conversation turned to horse-racing, Edwards showed Victor the newspaper results of the previous day's racing and was amazed at the facility with which Victor calculated the odds laid by the bookmakers. At this point he began to suspect that his new acquaintance might be a professional gambler.

After lunch they walked and Victor began to talk again of his family. His wife had come from Naples. When she learned that he had been a criminal before their marriage, she refused to bear him any more children. After their boy was killed in the winter of 1944, she blamed her husband. Even when she was dying in 1959 she refused to forgive him. "The priest was in the room," he told Edwards in a hoarse, agitated voice. "She was dying. I wanted to take her hand. She pulled it away, and turned her face away from me. She died hating me."

'Victor' Talks

To take the man's mind off his sorrows, Edwards told him of his own life and his own sorrows, and above all of his trial and the fourteen months he had spent in prison. That was how the subject of Sacco and Vanzetti came up. Edwards replied he knew only what he had read. The mention of the two Italian names seemed to release a spring in

Victor, and he began to talk, impulsively, as if he could not stop, about the executed anarchists and the South Braintree crime.

The five men involved, he said, were himself, his brother-in-law Luigi, an Italian named Seppi, Sacco and the driver who was a Canadian living in Boston. In the bitter winter of 1917, Victor and Luigi had trouble with the police in New York and went to Waterbury, Connecticut. Occasionally they traveled to Boston from Waterbury, and several times visited Sacco in his Stoughton bungalow. Sacco was familiar with South Braintree, and the payroll robbery was his idea. At first he did not want to take any active part in it but merely to receive a share of the loot for supplying the information. Victor and Luigi had several meetings with him, Rosina Sacco being present. Luigi angrily insisted that Sacco would have to take a part to get his share, and finally he agreed. Vanzetti had nothing to do with the holdup. In plotting it Luigi and Seppi went to South Braintree several times to spot the paymaster and the guard. Once, the attempt had to be postponed because Luigi had fallen ill, and another time because the car the Canadian had stolen broke down, and they had to wait until he stole another.

At the actual holdup it was Luigi who killed the paymaster and Sacco, the guard. Victor had no weapon with him that day, but jumped out of the car and helped pick up the money boxes. They took the money to New York. After Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested they turned it over to the Defense Committee. The Canadian driver alone kept his share. Not long after the executions Luigi died of silicosis that he had contracted as a young man while working as a marble polisher. Seppi died in a gun fight in New York. Victor went to Ohio, and whatever his occupation there he became prosperous, for he showed Edwards a photograph of his large house near Cleveland. It was when Fred Moore got on the trail of Victor, that the anarchists on the Committee warned him to "lay off."

For all my efforts I was never able to find any trace of Victor in the United States. The only real corroboration of Edwards' story came in his mention of a Canadian driver. Although he could not have known this, Dodson was living in Montreal in 1921

and was arrested there and extradited to the United States. The testimony of Dodson's wife also bears out that he received and kept his share of the robbery proceeds. Victor Tortalini may have been Ricardo Orciani, who disappeared from Dedham during the trial and was never heard of again. Beyond the Dodson corroboration, Edwards' story remains unproven. If it is false, it is difficult to determine what his motive was, for he wanted nothing in return for what he had to tell me and gave me evidence of being reluctant to tell it. It may be that Victor, even under his compulsion to talk, altered various facts to protect himself. If he could be induced to identify himself he might at least resolve the enigma of the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

Sealed Lips

Ever since I began seriously to study the case I have been haunted by the knowledge that there are those still living who know—beyond all conjectures and suppositions and reconstructions and analyses, beyond all bullet tests and identifications by witnesses—what actually happened on that spring afternoon in South Braintree fifty years ago, who the five men in the car were and what each of them did. Boda, if he is still alive in Italy—as he was in 1963—knows what happened; so do Orciani and Coacci wherever they may be. So does Victor—if he exists. Dante Sacco must know the bitter truth that has sealed his lips. So must his sister Ines. Rosina Sacco knows. And there are others, elderly people now, still tenaciously prepared to carry the weight of their secret to the grave. Barring some sudden revelation by one of them, I do not see how any more clarity can be added to the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Some of the mist has at least been dispersed in the last few years. We know that Sacco's Colt was guilty and that he shared that guilt. We do not know if he did any of the actual shooting, although Tresca's two statements indicate that he did. We sense that Coacci, Boda and Orciani were involved and that they may have been Tortalini's Victor, Luigi and Seppi, but we cannot prove it. But above all else we know that the passionately held belief that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent philosophical anarchists done to death by a reactionary and fearful capitalist society is after all a myth. □

The Kunstler Constituency

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

ON APRIL 15, they left their rallies and marches for peace and returned to their communities and campuses to wage war. In Cambridge three thousand M-Day demonstrators rampaged through Harvard Square, smashing windows, burning and looting stores. Rioting at Berkeley raged until the chancellor declared a state of emergency; and down at Santa Barbara full-fledged guerrilla warfare broke out once again. Kevin Moran, a USCB student, was stoned and then killed in a cross-fire when he tried to extinguish a Molotov cocktail hurled by militants at the newly rebuilt Bank of America building. Peace marchers battled in Detroit and in Washington. And for the second time in a week they rioted at Columbia University in New York.

'Counter-Repression'

The first Columbia riot came, on April 8, immediately after a speech by Chicago Seven lawyer William Kunstler. Since the Chicago verdict, Kunstler has crisscrossed the country, leaving in his wake bombed and burned-out buildings, injured policemen and students. Kunstler understands the kids. He spoke to them at Northwestern; after the speech, they rioted. He spoke to them at the University of Illinois; after the speech, they rioted. He spoke to them at the University of Buffalo; after the speech, they rioted. He spoke to them in Santa Barbara; after the speech, they rioted.

The pattern is always the same. We live in a period of "repression." The only way to counter this "repression" is to revolt. At an April 8 Columbia University rally, Kunstler told 1,500 students who crammed into McMillan Hall: "It's no longer a case of holding a picket sign and marching somberly, of writing to your congressman, of supporting the best candidate. These times call for more drastic action. This is your decade, your generation and your world. Remember the title of Jerry Rubin's book—*Do It!*" And they did,

pouring out of McMillan to rip up the Columbia campus, just as they have done after most Kunstler lectures.

The second Columbia riot also came after a Kunstler speech, this one delivered at Manhattan's Bryant Park on M-Day (April 15). It was a bad day for the liberals. The hard New Left had control of the rally and the older speakers like Dr. Spock weren't even allowed on the platform. Despite the attempts of old Ethical-Culture types to lead the cheers, the staccato Brown-shirt chant of "Revolution Now" completely drowned out the older peacenik call for "Peace Now." Fights flared throughout the rally; faces were smashed with folding chairs, and an old man was punched and stomped to the cheers of the kids who circled him. "Chants started to drown out the speeches; the Cong flags and the Panther flags stood in the breeze; and most chilling of all was the look in the faces of the crowd," writes Pete Hamill in the hard-liberal *New York Post*. "Those faces were dumb with hate; no humor lit up the eyes, no irony relieved their self-absorption. For the first time since I've been going to these things, I did not like the kids."

The only speaker allowed to begin and finish without interruption was Kunstler. Because of the "repression," he shouted, "the time has come to resist illegitimate authority by any means necessary." The authority, of course, is the U.S. Government, and "any means necessary" refers to violent revolution. But Kunstler is a lawyer, and whenever he calls for violence, he does so in someone else's name. At Columbia, on April 8, he quoted Jerry Rubin; at Bryant Park, the authority was William O. Douglas. (And those goodhearted liberal defenders of Douglas' printed call to revolution should be prepared to admit that the hard radicals cheer whenever his name is mentioned.) Similarly, Kunstler used indirection to threaten the President's life: "Marie Antoinette and all her friends lost their heads." A pause here as the crowd begins to rum-

ble approval. Then the screamed question: "Get the message, Mr. Nixon?"

Kunstler, quite obviously, has turned some sort of spiritual corner. A one-time R. H. Macy's executive trainee, he has found himself as an honorary Black Panther and a leader of the kids. His is quite obviously an unexamined emotional involvement in the movement, and there's something embarrassingly sexual about his relationship with the kids and the way he responds to their screams of approval.

But it would be a mistake to dismiss Kunstler as an aging wierdo undergoing acute change-of-life. He may or may not be sick. But he is without doubt an effective demagogue, and he, more than any single radical spokesman, has established the pattern which must be followed by any politician who wants to court the kids: it is now obligatory to condone violence because of "repression." Thus a Supreme Court Justice, exercising his right to write for skin magazines, calls for revolution because of the "repressive" nature of our government, which he equates with that of George III. Thus the incoming president of Columbia, after seeing the Kunstler-inspired riot, condemns it *only* because it might "produce repression."

Pickled Liberals

The liberals are in a pickle. They want the Kunstler constituency and have been courting it assiduously for the past few years. But the constituency has moved rapidly to the Left. The kids are radicalized and they are no longer protesters: They are now revolutionaries. And they're on to the politicians. "Behind the liberalism of Lindsay and a whole host of capitalist politicians," write members of Youth against War and Fascism, "is the fact that the anti-war movement is spreading to every segment of the population and they are rushing to use it as a vehicle for their own political ambitions."

Right on. And thus the dilemma of the liberals: The movement, as David Dellinger points out, has moved from "dissent to resistance." And the hard choice for the Lindsays is precisely this: either they must eschew violence and admit that what they have been fatuously calling "repression" is simply the carrying out of the law of the land; or they must wholeheartedly adopt the Kunstler line, must condone violence and preach against the repression. □



JUST DESSERTS

STIFLED SHOUTS of rage and choked sobs of sorrow will be echoing through our fair country at the time this article appears in print. As it must every year, Income Tax Day has taken its toll of our money, tempers and emotions. And as every year, we have to get over this. There are many ways to oblivion, from getting plastered to memorizing the editorial page of the *New York Times* and chanting it to the moon, from studying the Dead Sea Scrolls to starting a summer affair. But in the end, they will be either boring, inconvenient or expensive. The remedy I propose, dear friends, is far simpler, cheaper and more amusing—and what's more, it can be shared by many with perfect propriety, which is more than can be said of many contemporary amusements. The remedy I propose is to indulge in desserts. And I hasten to say that they don't even have to be fattening ones.

Many people will tell you that they don't eat desserts. Don't believe them. In my experience, these spartans, when confronted with something delicious in the dessert line, will plunge in with the best of them. I have also noticed that far too many women underestimate the power of a good dessert on the affections of a man. Men are dessert lovers, though they may not always admit to their lower and truer nature, and they admire women who can coax them into eating dessert. All the heartbreakers of the past, including DuBarry, prepared elegant kickshaws when a beau was coming. Desserts are also a convenience to non-cooks who feel they should be cooks. A good woman or for that matter, a man if he must, can gain a reputation of no small dimension if he or she learns to rustle up a few goodies. Here are some:

ITALIAN STRAWBERRIES

To preserve the flavor of strawberries, especially of the small wild ones called *fraises de bois*, they should be quickly rinsed in dry white wine rather than water. They can be dressed with

1) sugar, Marsala or white or red wine (preferably dry wine) and chilled before serving or 2) sprinkled with sugar, lemon juice or orange juice and briefly chilled. Do not dress them too long before serving with citrus juices or they will become too soft. Also, do not chill them excessively or they won't have any flavor. 3) At the table, hand around a bottle of good Kirsch and let everyone sprinkle his own berries.

FRENCH PEAR COMPOTE
WITH RED WINE

6 medium firm pears
2/3 cup sugar
1 cup water
1 stick cinnamon
½ cup dry red wine

Peel the pears but leave the stems on. Place the peeled pears in cold water mixed with a little lemon juice to prevent them from turning brown. Boil together the sugar, water and cinnamon for 5 minutes. Simmer the pears a few at a time in this syrup until they are tender. Do not overcook. A few minutes before the pears are done, add the wine. Remove the pears with a slotted spoon and stand upright in a serving dish. Remove the cinnamon and pour the syrup over the fruit. Serve hot or cold.

ITALIAN BAKED PEACHES

4 large peaches
½ cup ground almond macaroon crumbs or ground almonds
¼ cup mixed glacé fruit, shredded fine
8 blanched almonds
Marsala or white wine

Halve the peaches. Remove the pits and enlarge the hollow slightly with a spoon. Mash this extra pulp and combine it with the macaroon crumbs or ground almonds and the glacé fruit. Fill the peach hollows with this mixture. Top each peach half with an almond. Butter a deep baking dish. Place the peach halves in this dish, close to each other. Add enough Marsala or white wine to reach halfway up the peaches. Bake in a preheated moderate

oven (350°F) for 15 or 20 minutes, or until just tender. Check for dryness; if necessary, add a little more Marsala and water in equal quantities. Serve warm or cold.

ENGLISH ALMOND AND BRANDY CAKE
This comes from a friend of youth who said it was better than showing etchings.

3 large eggs
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon ground mace
grated rind of 2 lemons
1 cup fine dry breadcrumbs
¾-1 cup good cognac
½ pound blanched almonds, finely ground

Beat the eggs and the sugar until very light and fluffy for 10 minutes. If you do this in an electric mixer, you will have a better cake. Stir in the mace and the lemon rind and mix well. Stir in the breadcrumbs and the cognac alternately and mix in the almonds. Pour into a buttered and floured 8-inch spring form pan. Bake in a preheated moderate oven (350°F) for 30 to 35 minutes, or until a cake tester shows that the cake is baked through. Cool and glaze with Simple Lemon Icing. (See below.)

SIMPLE LEMON ICING

Sift confectioner's sugar into a bowl. For each cup, stir in gradually 1-2 tablespoons lemon juice (use fresh lemon juice) or rum or brandy. Beat thoroughly to make a smooth-spreading paste, adding more sugar or liquid as needed.

MOTHER HAZELTON'S ATHOL BROSE
I adapted this recipe from the classic Scottish one. Its virtues are obvious, don't you think?

½ pint Scotch whisky
½ pint heavy cream
½ pint heather honey

Combine the ingredients and beat them until frothy and thickened. Chill thoroughly. Serve in sherbet or champagne glasses. □

A Twin to Witchcraft

DAVID BRUDNOY

Thomas Szasz, the gadfly of contemporary institutional psychiatry, finds the concept of mental illness to be a twin to the concept of witchcraft. Dr. Szasz has been riding this particular horse since *The Myth of Mental Illness* (1961) first challenged the psychiatric profession with his nagging, incisive critique.

These two new books superbly document his contention that institutional psychiatry is the modern version of the Inquisition, that it is, in fact, a contemporary unholy office. "The most important economic characteristic of Institutional Psychiatry is that the institutional psychiatrist is a bureaucratic employee . . . its most important social characteristic is the use of force and fraud." Professor (of Psychiatry) Szasz contrasts this situation with that existing in what he calls "contractual psychiatry," which is private and voluntaristic, and in which the individual who decides he is ill seeks professional help and pays for it until he no longer wants it; the contrast is no less than that between involuntary servitude and freedom.

Social nonconformity, Szasz shows, led to the witchhunts in our ostensibly less enlightened past. Today, that same social nonconformity is labeled mental illness and dealt with as if it were contagious. Thus, the mythology of mental illness and the "cure" it expounds: "treatment" and institutionalization of those who differ radically (like the person who feels the Commies are against him), or are "useless" (like the aged), or have few defenses (the poor), or are sexually "deviant." The accused criminal is afforded a lawyer and a trial of his peers; the accused "mental case," for His Own Good and that of Society, is afforded incarceration, often forever. It was to defend the dominant ethic against heresy, a thought-crime rather than an act-crime, that the Inquisition practiced its barbarities. "Formerly, the inquisitor accused the citizen of witchcraft and proved him to be a witch. . . . Today, the institutional psychiatrist accuses the citizen of mental illness [another thought-crime] and diagnoses [detects] him as psychotic; he then turns him over to the court—that is, the state—and he is committed to a prison called a mental hospital."

Dr. Szasz is a nuisance to his col-

leagues. He keeps asking, and they keep evading his question: How does involuntary institutionalization, which confirms the "illness," differ from the stake, which verified the witchcraft? Dr. Szasz is relentless. Examples spew forth like new medical terminology at an AMA convention: 1) *Fact Magazine's* 1964 attack on Barry Goldwater, wherein 1,189 psychiatrists analyzed the Senator *in absentia* and declared him sick (and anti-Negro); 2) Germany's National Socialist assault on the Jews, which pronounced them vermin and their extermination a delousing; 3) the science of Dr. Benjamin Rush, Revolutionary father of American psychiatry, which decided that Negroes were suffering from congenital leprosy, and that with treatment and time they'd get back to their natural whiteness; 4) the never-ending persecution of homosexuals, which

The Manufacture of Madness: A Comparative Study of the Inquisition and the Mental Health Movement

By Thomas S. Szasz

Harper, 383 pp., \$8.95

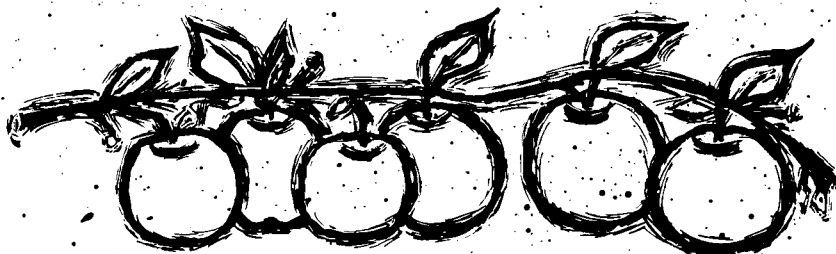
Ideology and Insanity: Essays on the Psychiatric Dehumanization of Man

By Thomas S. Szasz

Anchor, paper, 265 pp., \$1.95

takes as its cardinal assumption that pederasty is sickness and/or vice and hence must be eradicated (by torture or death or, today, by forced submission to psychiatry); 5) the response to masturbators, who were once "cured" by castration or worse, then terrified by tales of madness, now merely chided as ill; 6) the fate of old ladies who try to give their money to charity instead of to their children, and so are committed *de lunatico*. All these and others are scapegoats; none, Dr. Szasz says, is sick. But their oppressors are moderns who, though lacking black hoods, nonetheless possess the inquisitor's devices.

THIRTY YEARS BACK, Schmidt of the Nazi Foreign Office declared: "The Jewish question is no question of humanity, and it is no question of religion; it is solely a question of political hygiene"; i.e., the Jew as leper. Next, it's the antisemite who is "disturbed" and incarcerated. Witness Ezra Pound. And tomorrow, who will be judged diseased and hauled off to looney bins, when "today, Medicine is worshiped for promising, through its false proph-



ets, the psychiatrists, moral tranquility on earth"? God knows we've suffered enough from such balderdash. I'm reminded of one of Ayn Rand's asides: When someone says, It's For Your Own Good, run from him as if he were mad. Dr. Szasz explicitly agrees.

THE IDEOLOGY of insanity cheats vast numbers of people out of a "vocabulary of their own in which to frame their predicament without paying homage to a psychiatric perspective that diminishes man as a person and oppresses him as a citizen." Dr. Szasz states quite plainly that he does not accept the concept of mental illness as presently conceived. But the notion of it serves as a mechanism for depriving people of their subjective reality, for obliterating the idea of individual responsibility, for glorifying human engineering, which preaches: therapize, therapize, that ye may be mentally healthy. It's the same mumbo-jumbo that currently annihilates the reality of individual racialism by declaring: We are all racists. It's the same misplaced compassion which denies the existence of good and evil and says instead: Forgive him, Your Honor, he knew not what he did.

The terminology of psychiatry is a "rhetoric of rejection," whereby undesirables may be excluded from society. Label a man "schizophrenic" or "deviant" and you drive him from you as surely as witches were given to the flames. As an alternative, Dr. Szasz proposes a program of scientific humanism: First, the mental health or illness of a person should be seen as a matter of convention; next, questions of mental health and illness should not merit serious scientific attention; finally, psychoanalysts ought to treat only those persons who want to be treated. Which means: The individual goes to a shrink as he goes to the dentist, when it hurts *him* enough. Which means—and this is the underlying truth of Dr. Szasz' profoundly conservative books—that man must be left free to do or think as he pleases, no matter how odd, unless, and only unless, he specifically assaults another person, in which case he is punished. "I consider [involuntary mental hospitalization] a crime against humanity." It cannot be said more clearly. Nor can this: "In the Therapeutic State toward which we appear to be moving, the principal requirement for the position of Big Brother may be an MD degree." □

Justice: The Crisis of Law, Order, and Freedom in America

By Richard Harris

Dutton, 268 pp., \$6.95

AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS GONE

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

No power on earth can resist the force of an idea whose time has gone. Richard Harris' *Justice* is very much a book of its moment, a necessary application of balm to the wounded psyche of the Left. Already celebrated, almost ritualistically, in the press, *Justice* is an exercise in nostalgia, a panegyric to the kind of theoretical interpretation of law that has wrought so much happiness and havoc in America over the past twenty years. It is a reaction against the new populism of the Nixon Administration and of Attorney General John Mitchell.

Ramsey Clark looms out of the past like a saintly abstraction. John Mitchell is made out to be something of a parvenu, damned because of his "essentially political" motivations. Yet even Harris admits that Mitchell is somehow closer to more people than Clark was. It is curious how fear of the people, which used to be categorized as a conservative bugaboo, has now infected liberal thought. The paralysis of contemporary liberalism derives largely from its recognition and fear of the much-celebrated "silent majority."

In his passionate conclusion, Harris castigates those who "succumb" to the "majority's fear"—this fear being defined as "fear of black men, fear of

crime, fear of disorder, fear even of differences." One of these fears—fear of black men—is a rhetorical device, meaningless because undefined, useful only as a code phrase to activate an anticipated set of reactions. But why shouldn't a government respond to its people's fear of crime, or disorder? Order is the *sine qua non* of freedom and justice. And being afraid of crime is a gut reaction.

Gut reactions appall Harris. His response is to look back to a time when the Department of Justice stood resplendently isolated from gut reactions. And yet crime is important, desperately important, and the theoretical kind of justice which *Justice* celebrates could not and did not do anything about it. Harris quotes the former Attorney General approvingly on the subject of crime: "It [law and order] somehow calls for force to prevent the act of crime while ignoring the heart prepared to commit it."

Every heart is prepared to commit crime, one of the unhappy enigmas of the human condition; hence, attention to the "heart prepared to commit it" is redundant and even sentimental. What Clark and Harris are talking about is the familiar distinction between the causes and effects of crime. Like an Anglican at evensong, all awash with pleasure at some Victorian hymn, the liberal pulse quickens to the familiar litany, "Let's deal with the causes of crime."

BUT it is not the causes of crime that are of importance or interest. It is the effects. The sociological origins of the mugger are (rightly) of little concern to the person mugged. In the United States in 1970, the concern is with the mugging itself and the prevention thereof. Pre-trial detention of probable muggers is the brain child of the Mitchell Justice Department. In an actuarial sense, pre-trial detention offers some hope of decreasing the number of muggings in major cities. There may be a treading on the liberties of some innocents. But there is a treading on the liberties of a greater number without it. One has to balance the number of people who wouldn't be mugged—in all likelihood, quite a significant number—against the number of people who would be unjustly detained. The former, according to the best possible information, would outnumber the latter quite dramatically. The theoretical antipathy to such prag-



matic assessments is precisely what formerly divorced the Justice Department from reality.

The Justice Department as it exists today is not an institution of total response to the public will, and it sometimes gets woefully sidetracked onto matters like the exhibition and sale of pornography, surely one of the healthiest deterrents to sexual crime devised by Western man. But the Justice Department does have a new sense of its constituency. It has not had such a sense for a long time. To be saintly and pure is one thing, and to live and function in the real world is another. □

The World the Slaveholders Made
By Eugene D. Genovese
Pantheon, 274 pp., \$5.95

MARXISM WITH A DIFFERENCE

M. E. BRADFORD

The World the Slaveholders Made is the second in what promises to be a series on the American South and the experience of the Negro in the context of that subculture's history. Like its predecessor, *The Political Economy of Slavery*, it belongs to a veritable explosion of reconsiderations upon black slavery, its implications, results, and causes. Since that first book (1965), Professor Genovese has learned a lot—has caught the new drift of the winds of doctrine, has done his homework in areas far removed from the dismal science, and has published some of the results in journals and in *The New York Review of Books*. In observing these developments, I have somewhat changed my opinion of Genovese's prospects, his skills and his importance: somewhat, but, after this opus, not altogether. For, though capable of disinterested comment on the way toward his goal and honestly interested in his subject for its own sake, the gentleman from Rochester never fails to recover from those diversions to return his thread to the business of making Marxism plausible. Nor is he likely ever to do otherwise. Nonetheless, I recommend this volume to the attention of all conservatives, students of historiography and historians of the South.

RANDOM NOTES

■ Ramsey Clark, who has lately been putting out feelers to the Eastern Establishment concerning his own political future, has penned a Kunstleresque foreword to this month's New Left non-book: *Contempt* (Swallow Press, \$7.50), which bills itself as the transcript of the contempt citations, sentences and responses of the Chicago Ten. . . . Aficionados of this kind of book can read two new harangues by erstwhile Jesuit Daniel Berrigan: *No Bars to Manhood* (Doubleday, \$5.95), and *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* (\$5.95), both rumored to be printed with chicken blood.

■ Professor Hans Morgenthau has put together an anthology of his *New York Review of Books* articles, to be published late in August, *Truth and Power* (Praeger, \$8.95) . . . Also from Praeger this summer: the late Tom Mboya's neo-Mau Mau *The Challenge of Nationhood* (\$7.50, complete with a foreword by Jomo Kenyatta); Chalmers Roberts' *The Nuclear Years* (\$6.95); Lester Pearson's *The Crisis of Development* (\$4.95); and David McReynolds' *We Have Been Invaded by the 21st Century* (\$6.95), which is not about UFOs but probably should be.

■ As everyone knows, oral history is big stuff these days. The latest contribution to this genre is *The Saga of Coe Ridge* (U. of Tennessee, \$8.95), by William Lynwood Montell. It tells the story of a group of isolated Negroes, living in the Cumberland foothills, and how their community

slowly declined after the Civil War. . . . Remember Francis Gary Powers? He tells all in *Operation Overflight: The U-2 Pilot Tells His Story for the First Time* (Holt, \$5.95, May).

■ On a more congenial front: Arlington House has announced the inauguration of its new "Dollar Growth Library," which will include Harry Brown's *How You Can Profit From the Coming Devaluation* (\$5.95, May 27) and Donald J. Hoppe's *How to Invest in Gold Coins* (\$8.95, August). All books to be distributed through the Conservative Book Club.

■ Two new books on abortion, R. E. Hall's *Abortion in a Changing World* (Columbia, \$10, May), which endeavors to present both sides of this controversial subject; and Daniel Callahan's *Abortion: Law, Choice and Morality* (Macmillan, \$12.95), which has just been published. . . . Robert Rhodes James, who assisted Randolph Churchill on the first volume of the official biography of his father, asks why Sir Winston's career, after its early promise, declined so spectacularly between the two wars in *Churchill: A Study in Failure* (World, \$7.95), out this month. Quo Vadis America? asks Andrew Hacker in *The End of the American Era* (Atheneum, \$6.50, May). Hacker sees revolution and American decline just around the corner. . . . And from John W. Gardner, we have *The Recovery of Confidence* (Norton, \$5), which may prove to be the most publicized pontification on the plight of the poor since Lyndon Johnson's *My Hope for America*: Watch for it on the remainder tables.

The paradox of the judgment just announced is not difficult to explain. First of all, Genovese has too much good sense and regard for his profession to suffer gladly the fools of conventional American liberal academia. He is a gifted gadfly and has endured the calumny of the loyally self-righteous because he cannot bury that light under the bushel of doublethink. Like Marx himself, he is a Marxist who could never survive in the universities of a society committed to his principles. And though he still lacks the inside "feel" for Southern life that should supplement his interest in the makers and children of Rebellion, he is more and more often correct in his faultings of the now received view of their record: the neo-abolitionist or "after New England" higher-law theory of slavery and its "peculiar" aftermaths. All of which is to say that he is usually curative when

he dismembers theories about the special wickedness of American slavery, the moral superiority of the cash-nexus, and the liberal homogeneity of American political thought.

BUT I LEAVE the forewarned reader to taste on his own the sharp flavor of Genovese v. the sentimental Left. I must return to specific shortcomings submerged in their contention. The first half of this book has as its subject the comparison of slave cultures, and the body of recent scholarship such comparison has engendered. The essay (and particularly the synthetic critique informing it) is instructive and well-informed. However, its premise, the applicability of a rigid notion of class structure to any New World slaveholding order, is not viable. And the same is true of his insistence (borrowed from English Marxist historians) that South-

ern society was fundamentally bourgeois because the England of its spiritual origin was not, properly speaking, feudal after 1600.

That error also vitiates his second section, a study of Virginia's George Fitzhugh and the "pro-slavery argument." Genovese ignores Fitzhugh's debt to Robert Filmer and the Tory tradition which his *Patriarcha* epitomized. He imagines that the precapitalist ingredients in Fitzhugh and Southern apologists of the same "descent" proceed from the slavocracy of their allegiance, not the culture from the intellectual antecedents. The inversion is an old one with Marxists—a strategy, not a mistake. For the Marxist target is always the Whig—the libertarian. He can admire a Tory calculus "north by northwest": just so long as no one calls it Tory or imagines that the organic hierarchy that is community could ever be recovered without statist coercion: can admire it *only at the expense of the Whigs*.

Genovese is astonishingly but persuasively ahistorical in many other particulars. He almost overlooks the importance of religion in Dixie; has never learned his lesson on the dominant influence of the yeoman in the Old South; has only a smattering knowledge of recent Southern conservatism (though he is quick to recognize its noncapitalist features) or Southern letters; and is foolish enough to drag fascism into his epilogue.

Moreover, his work has one other questionable thrust that requires more than perfunctory censure. I refer to a veiled assertion that free political/economic systems and intense racial antagonisms are correlative phenomena. As we are learning, such is the case only where egalitarianism is strenuously pressed upon a given polity and the hard truth of Nature thereafter confronted in anguish. The suggestion is once again proof that Genovese knows where he is and what his learning might accomplish. His next book, on the slave himself and his "agonies," will undoubtedly spin out this thread, placing by inference a high price in system-changing on Emancipation's next (and final) installment.

Among a people seemingly determined to "abolish" the Negro and erase his history, it will get a hearing. As he also promises in the prologue of the present work, Genovese is perfecting the instrument of Marxist historical

scholarship. Those of us who are otherwise persuaded should even now prepare to answer. For he is clearly the variety of Marxist we can ignore only at some peril, skilled in making up worlds past and then future. And the one requires the other. □

On Violence

By Hannah Arendt

Harcourt, 106 pp., \$4.75

POWER AND VIOLENCE

MAX GELTMAN

Hannah Arendt has never written an unimportant book—or an important article. Her imagination needs scope, which only the longer work makes possible. This observation needs immediate modification, however, since her magazine pieces are usually refined after they have been collected for book purposes. In this work, for example, there is an almost new version of an essay that appeared originally in the *New York Review of Books*—of all places. Of all places, because this agit-lit journal often permits its well-heeled readers to participate in a vicarious kind of terror and violence. It once gave over its front page to a full-dress description of how to make a Molotov cocktail.

On Violence seems to plough ground Miss Arendt has gone over—brilliantly—in a major work, *On Revolution*. But the subject of violence has intrigued her for a long time, and she has tried, off and on, to come to grips with it and thinks she has finally grasped the problem by separating it from the concept of power, with which it is often (and mistakenly) identified. In her words, "Every decrease in power is an open invitation to violence." Which is true enough and warning enough of the need for power to reassert itself where it has to be exerted—at the seat of government. It is just here that power is most patently eroded. Whether or not her examples are the ones you and I would give, the point is that she is fundamentally sound in her observation that

power is based on consent of the many—of the *polis*—of the citizenry, while violence rests ultimately on the singular capacity of the minority. Even a minority of one can bedevil society by the sheer capability of the implements employed, say a gun, and any group, no matter how small, has the ability to upset the flow of normal life in a complex industrial society, if only by inertia, as in a sit-in.

When she sometimes contradicts herself, she does so in a good cause. Her examination of what went on at Columbia University, for instance, is a mixed bag. She cites reforms gained (unidentified), at the same time concluding that even here, where violence "paid off," it did so "indiscriminately, for 'soul courses,' and instruction in Swahili"—courses she finds rather demeaning to both university and students, especially to black ones. (Her contempt for "open enrollment" would make Spiro Agnew's heart leap with joy.)

IN ANY CASE, these instances are not central to her purpose, which seems to be to prove to her friends on the Left, especially the New Left, that violence is not only bad Marxism, but counterproductive *if* revolution is what one is after. Not that Hannah Arendt is unaware that even here the cure may be worse than the disease; still she is way off the mark in telling us that Marx could never have written as Sartre did: "To shoot down a European is to kill two birds with one stone . . . there remains a dead man and a free man." It is true it takes a certain kind of skill to be as crude as Sartre, but Marx did counsel that "far from opposing the so-called popular excesses, examples of popular revenge on hated individuals and public buildings . . . we must not merely tolerate these examples, but ourselves take over the leadership of them."

Her recent forays into Marx, Engels and Lenin have hindered, not helped her scholarship. What will she reply to her young disciples when they discover for themselves Marx' *Circular to the Communist League*, from which I have just quoted? Further, one can imagine



her embarrassment when it is pointed out that it was not the anonymous author of the crudely absurd *Report from Iron Mountain* (with which she is unduly impressed) who reversed Clausewitz' "Peace is the continuation of war by other means," but Lenin.

And here we come to a weakness in this little book. The 87 pages are bolstered by more than a hundred footnotes and fourteen pages of tightly packed notes, all designed to support her thesis that power and violence are not the same, that in fact the one rules out the other. But does it really make a difference to the hundreds of millions in China and Russia to be told that the more violent the dictatorship, the more its power-base is shrinking? Still, even if this wisdom is at best academic to the man in extreme circumstances, living in a totalitarian or tyrannical state, it is good for us in the West to learn that the difference is real and meaningful, that where power is lacking, violence prevails. It is also possible to speculate that if Miss Arendt were to rely on her insights and not so much on hearsay and quotations from Noam Chomsky, she might be able to see the Vietnam situation in a clearer light, in terms of massive violence (from *them*) and a failure of power (from *us*). Even here, however, she lacks the capacity to be insignificant.

Concluding her study, Miss Arendt returns to essentials, pointing to the disadvantages of centralization (the root and stem of all Marxology) in these words: "Just when centralization, under the impact of bigness, turned out to be counterproductive in its own terms, the country . . . threw itself headlong, to the unanimous applause of all 'progressive' forces, into the new experiment of centralized administration—the Federal Government overpowering state powers and executive power eroding congressional powers."

And again, she writes: "In the United States, based on a great plurality of powers and their mutual checks and balances, we are confronted not merely with the disintegration of power structures, but with power, seemingly still intact and free to manifest itself, losing its grip and becoming ineffective." True, too true. Solution? Do not read Hannah Arendt for solutions, but do read her for her insights, her imagination, her fundamental understanding of the things that count in the struggle between freedom and slavery. □

Man vs. the Welfare State

By Henry Hazlitt

Arlington House, \$6

THE GROSS NATIONAL DELUSION

MARY BENNETT PETERSON

By what amounts to a Gross National Delusion (GND), the welfare state grows larger and larger—a fat, flabby and none too healthy Topsy. The growth, says the uncompromising Henry Hazlitt, is due to the mesmerizing of voters with the siren song of government-created Utopia. Mesmerization usually reaches its zenith as election time approaches and voters are promised that government will somehow keep wages high, keep prices stable, abolish poverty, make the old secure, save the environment, etc. That the promised Utopia has yet to appear, however does not seem really to discourage the promisers nor the promised. Utopia, like the prosperity promised during the Great Depression, is always just around the corner—just beyond the next election.

ONE GND that crops up every few years in the U.S. is that minimum wage hikes benefit the workingman. The first legal minimum wage was fixed at 25 cents an hour in 1938. By 1956 it had reached \$1 and by 1968 it reached \$1.60 an hour. The jump between 1955 and 1968 was 114 per cent for minimum wages while during the same period average hourly wages in manufacturing increased by only about half that percentage.

A result has been that, although an increasing shortage of skilled labor has developed, the proportion of unemployed among the unskilled, among teen-agers and nonwhites has grown. The outstanding victim has been the Negro teen-ager. In 1952 the unemployment rate among white and nonwhite teen-agers was the same—9 per cent. By 1968, the unemployment rate among white teen-agers was 11.6 per cent, but among nonwhite teen-agers it reached 26.6 per cent. GND to the contrary, when a law is on the books that says no one is to be paid less than \$64 for a forty-hour week, then as a rather strict rule no one whose services are not

worth \$64 a week to an employer will be employed. In brief, argues Hazlitt, for a lower wage we substitute higher unemployment.

Another GND, according to Hazlitt (taking issue with Milton Friedman), is that some form of guaranteed annual income is the way to end poverty in America. A figure frequently mentioned is a federal guarantee of \$3,400 per year for a family of four. Suppose though, says Hazlitt, that a married man with two children has been eking out a living from some nasty and irregular job at \$2,500 a year. Comes the guaranteed annual income and he receives a check from the government for \$900—the difference between his income and the poverty-line minimum. He is happy—for a day or so. Then, it may



occur to him that he is a fool to go on working for \$2,500 a year when he can stop work entirely and get the full \$3,400 from the government.

The government would end, maintains Hazlitt, paying out a vast sum and creating idleness on a huge scale. Many of those low the poverty

line would stop producing and many unpleasant jobs would not get done. Consequently, there would be less total production or total real income to be shared by everyone.

Another favorite Gross National Delusion is Social Security. For one thing, the Social Security payroll tax has risen from the original 1 per cent paid by both employee and employer on the first \$3,000 of income to a combined rate of 9.6 per cent on wages up to \$7,800, with more rises scheduled.

Ironically, the cost of a comparable annuity at age 65 to a young person just entering the Social Security rolls is much less. For another, even with frequent increases in benefits, incomes of the retired have fallen behind inflation, the handmaiden of the welfare state.

Inflation hurts not only the retired. From 1939 to 1969 the prices of goods and services (despite a great increase in production) increased by an average

of 164 per cent. Inflation accelerated during 1969. What to do? When the people protest against rapidly rising prices, and when the policy-makers who have made the price rises inevitable become panicky, another Gross National Delusion takes hold—the delusion that price controls can effectively halt the inflation.

Attempts to hold down or roll back prices, Hazlitt points out, are certain to fail—for controls treat symptoms, not causes, and ignore underlying dynamic supply and demand conditions. The attempt to hold the price, say, of an everyday necessity such as milk below the free-market price reduces or wipes out the profit in producing milk and soon creates a shortage—the very opposite of what the price-fixers have in mind. The next step is to control the prices of the labor, animal feed and other raw materials, and practically all other factors that go into producing milk. This distorts other price relationships and the price-fixers find they must control more and more prices—until the accumulated distortions collapse under their own weight. (A Rand Corporation study blames rent control, in the main, for causing the deterioration and abandonment of some 38,000 apartments annually in New York City.)

PERHAPS the most dramatic example of what can happen when a nation succumbs on a grand scale to GND is Uruguay. Here is a country of almost three million people, largely European in origin, with a literacy rate of about 90 per cent. It was once so noted for its high living standards and well-run government that it was called the “Switzerland of Latin America.” Once. Now Hazlitt quotes a 1967 dispatch out of Uruguay by C. L. Sulzberger to the *New York Times*: “The cost of living has multiplied 32 times in the past decade. Gross national production has actually declined 9 per cent and this year will take a nose dive. . . . Anyone can retire on full salary after thirty years on the job; but with full salary worth one thirty-second of its worth ten years ago, the pension isn’t very helpful.”

So it goes, and Hazlitt ticks off other perils of the welfare state from foreign aid to unemployment insurance. Our Gross National Product continues to rise but so too does our Gross National Delusion. □

ART

THE PLIGHT OF REALISM TODAY

RUTH BERENSON

An “inevitable reaction” to abstraction, a “return” to the realism which used to be regarded as typically American, has been predicted by art critics ever since the 1940s when American painters committed themselves with near-unanimity to non-objective art. So far, with the questionable exception of Pop, these prophecies have failed to materialize, though the Sunday art page of the *New York Times* intermittently features a hitherto unknown landscape or still-life painter who is, according to the caption, “in the American grain,” and *Art News* discovers a “throw-back to the Hudson River School” or a portraitist “in the Eakins tradition.” Now the Whitney Museum has tried to go the critics one better by presenting a would-be *fait accompli*. “Twenty-two Realists” is a group of artists who, the catalogue says, seek to “reinstate in their paintings a pictorial illusionism fully in keeping with the tradition of Western art which remained relatively unbroken from the High Renaissance to the advent of Impressionism.”

This sounds good, especially to this viewer who, throughout the long lean years of abstract art, has had a sneaking yen for just such a development. But if such a trend is discernible in American painting today, it was not at the Whitney. What was there was, to put it bluntly, just plain awful. With the exception of Philip Pearlstein, whose technically accomplished if visually repellent nudes are well-known to New Yorkers, and Paul Wiesenfeld, a young German immigrant whose interiors reveal him as a gifted colorist, it offered only a lot of warmed-over Pop plus a couple of pathetic attempts to revive the worst aspects of nineteenth-century academicism.

If many of the huge Whitney pictures looked like blown-up photographs, this is not surprising: That’s what they were. Charles Close’s gigantic grisaille portrait heads, with each beard stubble seen under a magnifying glass, are just tour de force enlargements made by squaring off black-and-white photos. Robert

Bechtle and Audrey Flack base their group portraits on posed snapshots, projecting the color transparencies onto canvas and duplicating the image in paint. Richard McLean and Malcolm Morley do the same thing with postcards, travel posters and calendar illustrations—unabashed Pop and just as boring. Technically more interesting is Richard Estes’ “Candy Store,” which has a similar basis, and John Clem Clarke’s allegedly “ironic” rendering of “Lady Godiva.” Clarke cuts solid and perforated stencils to fit the color areas projected on the canvas, and sprays the bare parts with a spray gun, an easy way to show variegated textures.



Is this reliance on photography a new promising technique, or merely a substitute for lack of skill, craft, perseverance? The free-hand pictures in the show were just as inept, especially the cardboard-like nudes, all plentifully endowed with pubic hair but, except for Pearlstein’s, wholly devoid of bones, muscles or flesh. The whole show points to the conclusion that these artists just don’t know how to paint reality and are either unwilling or unable to learn. But just because it is so bad, a visit to the Whitney vividly illustrates the difficulties facing the would-be realist in 1970.

At the root of his troubles is the fact that the student of painting can no longer learn how to paint, at least not in the traditional sense. He may have spent years in art school or at a university boasting a well-known painter-in-residence, but these institutions have long since been taken over by the so-

called avant garde whose break with the past is as complete as they can make it. Paralleling, though in time preceding, the current New Left notion that the past is without relevance to the present, art schools regard art history as obsolete and meaningless, its monuments as curiosities to be looked at in museums—and forgotten. Operating on the assumption that painting as a purely creative process is unteachable, they foster “originality” at the expense of skill, hesitating to apply any other criterion to the assessment of a student’s work. They may teach techniques—lithography, silk-screen, how to use the new acrylic paints, how to substitute the spray-gun for the old-fashioned brush, how to draw from a photograph and bleach out the original so that no one will know your source—but the *craft* of illusionistic painting, in other words, the entire curriculum of those much-excoriated institutions, the academies, is just not taught.

THE WHITNEY DEBACLE is not, fortunately, a true reflection of the state of realistic painting in America. Its omissions are far, far more noteworthy than its inclusions. In addition to such well-known names as Jane Wilson, Fairfield Porter, Constance Richardson, Alex Katz and Lennart Anderson, other lesser-knowns, equally talented, come to mind: Francis Cunningham, whose deceptively humble still lifes in muted colors have an almost Cubist purity of construction; Neil Welliver, whose current show of Maine landscapes at Tibor De Nagy combine topographical representation with a joyous play of brush-stroke which owes much to Abstract Expressionism; Paul Resika, whose views of Cape Cod’s fresh-water ponds (at Peridot) betray an impressionist’s intoxication with nature.

There are doubtless more young realists waiting in the wings—but we must be patient, for it takes time to learn skills essential to representational painting which, today, are nearly as mysterious as the long-forgotten methods by which medieval glass workers achieved the splendors of Chartres. If these young artists can recapture the art of representation without being entrapped in a futile historicism, they will give a new direction to the great tradition of Western painting. If not, it may be that that whole tradition, and with it the art of painting itself, will be irretrievably lost. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

CASANOVA, by John Masters (Bernard Geis, \$14.95). When we think of Casanova at all, we tend to think of him as the Great Lover—a sexual athlete who kissed and told. But actually he was much more; one the great con men of all time, a compulsive gambler who made and lost a dozen fortunes, a rover who toured Europe repeatedly from end to end in a day when travel was an ordeal, and who knew (or at least met) everybody who was anybody, from Pope Clement XIII to the Holy Roman Emperor Joseph II, King George III of England, Frederick the Great, Catherine the Great, the Cardinal de Bernis, Benjamin Franklin, Voltaire, Boswell and Mozart. John Masters has told Casanova’s story with a deft, light touch, not omitting those notorious amours, and has illustrated his account with half-tones and sumptuous color plates tied neatly to the text. You will put down the book with an awed salute to Giacomo Casanova De Seingalt—one of the gaudiest flies imprisoned in the amber of that fantastic eighteenth century. W. A. RUSHER

THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA, edited by Lee Allen, John Tattersall, et al. (Macmillan-Information Concepts, \$25.00). Well, it

turns out (for those of you who are fond of engaging in such arguments) that Tip O’Neill really didn’t hit .492 in 1887, the year that bases on balls counted as hits. Take away the bases on balls—and in order for them to be taken away, it was necessary to study the play-by-play accounts of every game in that far-off season—and he really hit .435, good enough, but not quite so good as Hugh Duffy’s .440 (which used to be recorded as .438) a few seasons later. And Christy Mathewson didn’t really win 373 games: he won 367, seven less than Pete Alexander and only four more than Warren Spahn. If the accumulation of records is the essence of baseball, then this book, at the very reasonable cost of a penny a page, ought to be its quintessence. Now one can test the assertions one has heard for years that so-and-so was “a pretty good hitter for a pitcher”: one can find out whom the Boston Braves pitched on those two days in 1948 when they didn’t have “Spahn and Sain and two days of rain”: one can, in short, find out just about any statistic in the history of major league baseball 1876-1968 (with some for 1871-1875) except complete fielding averages. Did you know Bob Kuzava ranks third in total World Series saves? Did you know the old St. Louis Browns pitching team of Foutz and Carruthers had (through 1968) the first and second highest all-time

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The first issue (May) will commemorate the 500th anniversary of the birth of Machiavelli and will include papers prepared by: Leo Strauss, Giuseppe Prezzolini, John C. H. Wu, Joseph Mazzeo, Gian Roberto Sarolli.

THE SECOND ISSUE (NOVEMBER) WILL BE ON HEGEL IN COMPARA-

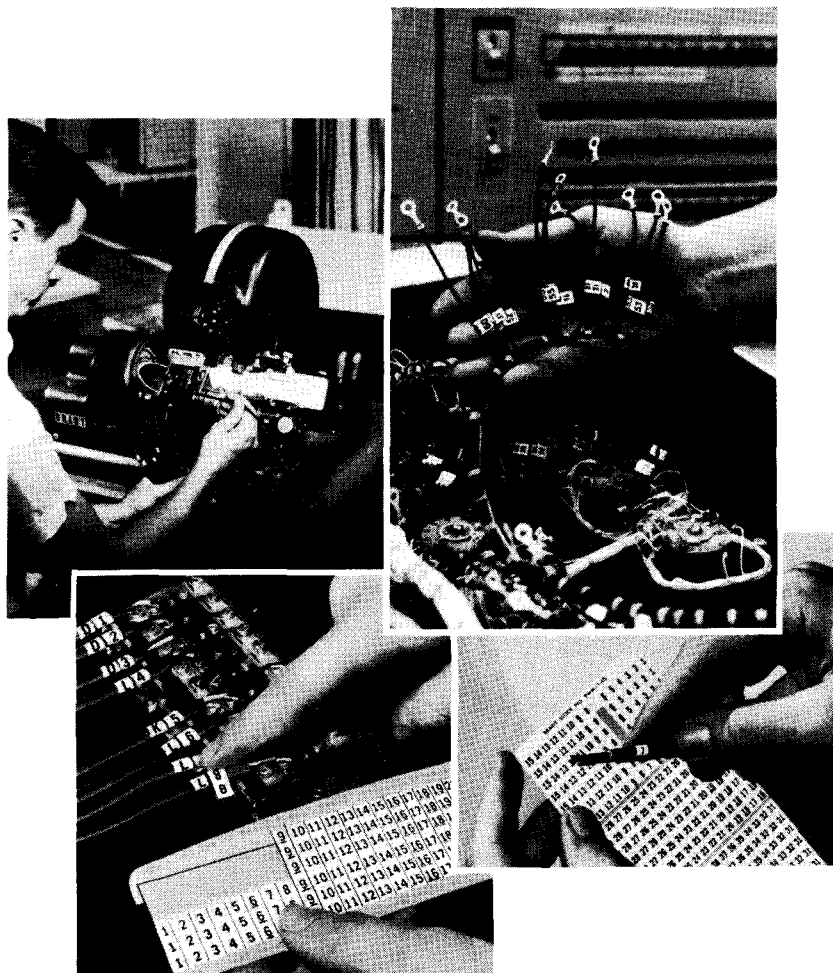
TIVE LITERATURE. SPECIAL EDITOR FOR THE HEGEL ISSUE WILL BE FREDERICK G. WEISS, FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY. THE THIRD ISSUE (SPRING 1971) WILL BE ON IRAN. SPECIAL EDITOR FOR THE IRAN ISSUE WILL BE JAVAD HADARI, UNIVERSITY OF TEHRAN. THE FOURTH ISSUE (FALL 1971) WILL BE ON BLACK AFRICA. SPECIAL EDITOR ON BLACK AFRICA WILL BE ALBERT S. GERARD, UNIVERSITY OF LIEGE.

Editor of REVIEW OF NATIONAL LITERATURE is Anne Paolucci, University Research Professor, St. John’s University and former Fulbright Lecturer in Italy. Annual Subscription is \$4.00 (\$5.00 outside of U.S.); Single copies, \$2.00 (\$2.50 outside U.S.).

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career won-lost percentages? Did you know . . . The thing, I regret to say, is (for the baseball fan) rather like eating peanuts. Crackerjack? C. S. HORN

LOVEY CHILDS: A PHILADELPHIAN'S STORY, by John O'Hara (Random House, \$5.95). The latest (and last) from O'Hara, who began his career as a rather sensational novelist and whom we came to regard chiefly of late as a short-story writer, is a novel of a very high order. In his highly disciplined, natural prose cadences and in an unusually analytical and economical style, he details the life of Lovey Childs, a young lady who was in a great hurry to grow up, but who had a good deal of trouble doing so. This rush to adulthood is a theme which O'Hara was singularly well-equipped to discuss, for he was for years a specialist in uncompromising adult concerns. More familiar O'Hara concerns such as suicide, lesbianism and the transgressions of the clergy are present as well, all described with his habitual detachment and precision. For many readers of the Thirties, these were matters too gamy to be tolerated, but for the redeeming qualities of O'Hara's style; for most today they would be too tame, but for his handling of them. T. K. MEIER

THE BRIDGE AT CHAPPAQUIDDICK, by Jack Olsen (Little Brown, \$6.95). Finished in December, published in January. And it shows. This is a malicious book, but successful malice must be subtle. In his haste to capitalize on the Chappaquiddick, Olsen, a sports writer, left himself no time to polish the prose, to soften the spite. And Olsen is spiteful. He hates Kennedys in general and Teddy in particular, and he attacks from every conceivable direction. Kennedy is rich. Bad. Kennedy's grandfather was poor. Also bad. Kennedy likes pretty girls. Bad. Kennedy's wife is a pretty girl. Bad. And she wears short skirts. We all know what *that* means. And so it goes. Instances of awfulness are so abundant that one yawns at singling out any one of them. I found the insinuations that Teddy feigned grief over the assassinations particularly distasteful. But pick your own example of tastelessness. The book creeps with them. The best thing that can be said for it is that it will be quickly forgotten. J. R. COYNE JR.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 439)

reinfachungsbestrebungen" very simply and literally translated means "endeavors (or efforts) toward simplification."

Denver, Colo.

WILLIAM SCHUBERT

Correction

Your column "For the Record" in the March 24 issue states: "In California, John Rousselot who has severed his ties with the JBS [John Birch Society] is running for office again in the 24th CD." Not so. In an interview in the *San Gabriel Valley Tribune* on February 5 Rousselot admits he is still a life member of the John Birch Society and feels that it still serves a useful purpose and he sees "no reason to change that view."

Not only did Rousselot not participate in the 1968 campaign to elect the Nixon-Agnew ticket, but on March 6, 1970, he left the Republican dinner honoring the late Congressman Lipscomb to appear at a John Birch Society dinner at Los Angeles' Century Plaza Hotel with Lester Mad-dox. Let's keep the record straight on this.

Los Angeles, Cal.

PAT HILLINGS

BURNHAM

(Continued from page 453)

■ One issue passionately concerns the American overseas communities: the right to vote. No one knows exactly how many Americans are now living overseas; visiting Brussels the other day, GOP Chairman Rogers Morton gave an estimate of two million in addition to the military. The difficulty, often the impossibility, of fulfilling state election rules deprives most of the adult overseas citizens of their right to vote; and they want to vote, more generally and strongly than many of their fellow-citizens at home. No taxation without representation, they insist on recalling. On his trip through Europe, Chairman Morton is putting off questions on this topic—they inevitably arise—with vague talk about "President Nixon's [sic] proposal to abolish the Electoral College" which "will solve the problem in a few years" by permitting a simple federal law on the subject. But the overseas Americans want to vote *this* year, and not merely in Presidential elections. The Supreme Court's Fourteenth Amendment rulings on electoral matters would seem to guarantee a favorable outcome of a suit, or possibly a federal enactment, to force all the states to institute a workable method of casting overseas ballots in national elections at the very least. If the Republicans sponsored such a move, it would pay off handsomely in votes. □

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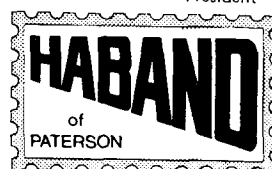


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Repression, U.S.A.

On The Right

New York, April 20—I have been kid-watching for the last few days, trying to explore the mood of those who listen and think about the current disorders, the causes and the cures thereof. I have been advancing at the colleges the thesis that precisely what is needed these days, properly understood, is very solid doses of repression: not in a spirit of vindictiveness, but in the spirit of teaching those who wonder, that the United States is very serious about surviving the current doubts about itself, and about the worthwhileness of its essential institutions.

I have advanced the proposition that the toleration of revolutionary dissent is something that America has traditionally practiced (at such times as we have practiced it) primarily as a demonstration of our own complacency, not out of respect for any abstract right to revolutionize. It is a high form of self-indulgence to stroll through Hyde Park and listen lazily to the orators who denounce the nation's free institutions, while we know them to be utterly safe—rather like the child's dream of waking in a jungle surrounded by wild beasts who however are powerless to hurt, because you are surrounded by a bubble of glass that is proof against their aggressions.

We are engaged in testing in this country, in such proceedings as those against the Chicago Seven, whether the law can stand up against such organized judicial assaults upon it as the bomb throwers and their lawyers are capable of launching. That is the moment for action, bearing in mind the injunction by Hamilton that "the hope of impunity is a strong incitement to sedition; the dread of punishment, a proportionably strong discouragement to it." It was also Hamilton who observed that the suggestion that mere law, unfortified by force, is "the only admissible principle of republican government, has no place but in the reveries of those doctors whose sagacity disdains the admonitions of experimental instruction."

So, in an age when barbarians plot to drop bombs in department stores, and other barbarians succeed in preventing others from speaking, the time

is clearly at hand for what some choose to call repression, what others call a militant defense of the law. Thoughtful students can see the point, but the great tug of their emotional opposition, or so it seems to me, is their profound conviction that the adults' concern for the law is a selective thing, that we are disposed to enforce only those laws we desire to see enforced, and that we are careful to select our victims from the ranks of the weak and the dispossessed. They have a point.

I THINK for instance of Governor Kirk of Florida, who has been grand-standing his defiance of the law these days. At this writing, the courts appear to have won, and the Governor has capitulated, under the pressure of a \$10,000 per day sentence. It is good that he should have done so. On the other hand, I did not run into one student who believed that the day would ever come when in fact he would have to put up that \$10,000, any more than the postmen and the teachers and the motormen and the aircraft controllers have had to put up the money they have been formally assessed. Do you remember Ross Barnett? He was Governor of Mississippi. He defied the law flagrantly, was threatened with all manner of things. I know not where he resides—perhaps at the Smithsonian Institution. But I do know he does not reside in jail. The government, in order to be convincing, needs to go after some big targets.

I would suggest, for instance, Justice Douglas. It is simply unconvincing to send seven revolutionists who come together in Chicago to jail for conspiring to cause riots, and to maintain on the high court a gentleman who publishes a book in which he suggests that revolution is probably the only indicated course to break the institutional logjam. Mr. Douglas should be impeached, and notwithstanding that Mr. Robert Welch has given impeachment a bad name. The gentlemen who have been running New Jersey have convinced most thoughtful Americans that the law has been, in the past few years, their own warm puppy. Vigorous prosecutions could help here.

There are interesting signs of a crackdown on licentious sedition. The Supreme Court has ruled that a refractory defendant can be bound and gagged. Another court has ruled that a policeman may disperse a meeting that veers toward unruliness. A grand jury is investigating charges that students at American University violated the rights of other students by preventing them from engaging in activities of the ROTC. Here is the warp and woof of what the revolutionists, always oblivious to the rights of counter-revolutionists, call repression: what others call the politics of stability. □

■ **NAY** *New York*, April 23—The moment is at hand to declare oneself in favor or against the Nixon-Moynihan plan to give money, no questions asked, to the indigent so as to put a federal floor on poverty. If I were in Congress, I would vote against the measure. A decision I have come to reluctantly. A few observations:

1) There is no doubting the desirability of radical reform of the existing welfare patterns. As the laws now stand, an individual seeking government help has access (at the last count) to eighty different state and federal welfare measures. It wasn't ever presumed that every single one of them would be subsumed into the \$1,600 per year minimum proposed by the Nixon plan. For instance, catastrophic illnesses could never be tended to out of such a meager basic allowance. But surely other forms of federal subvention might have been. And yet as it now stands, with the single exception of unemployment relief and aid to dependent children, the lobbyists for different welfare proposals stand fast, and the plan emerges as yet another federal prop, to be added to a house already jerry-built.

2) The greatly attractive provisions in the bill which suggested that recipients would be trained to work so as to remove themselves from the poverty rolls have not been convincingly put forward. One does not doubt that it is the intention of Mr. Nixon and of Mr. Moynihan that the measure should lead a great many indigents into vocational

training schools and finally into productive jobs. But the failure of the WIN programs, which were also designed to do the same thing; and the general acceptance of the figures constantly given us, to the effect that the overwhelming majority of those on relief cannot be expected to work because they are old or crippled or mothers or children, suggest that one should favor the measure or oppose it with little reference to this particular feature of it. In fact, there are those—one can tell it from the inflections in their comments and in their speeches—who talk about the work-fare aspects of the bill merely as boob-bait for conservatives. They do not really believe that it will bring people to work, and they don't particularly care.

3) It is always difficult to predict the cost of new welfare proposals. Initially, I heard a cost estimate as low as \$2.3 billion—i.e., in excess of current welfare costs. I have not recently seen one at less than \$5.5 billion.

One thinks less, at this particular moment, about the absolute sum involved, more about the expenditure of it at this particular moment in our economic history. There are those who believe that in recent weeks Mr. Nixon, frightened either by the threat of a real depression or by the prospects of political upheaval at the forthcoming elections—or both—has retreated from his firm anti-inflationary stance. Certainly he has taken measures, such as the release of federal funds for various projects that had been held in abeyance, the result of which will be to goose inflation along. The effects of the postal settlement alone are said to have wiped out the modest little surplus we had programed for fiscal 1970. Meanwhile inflation zooms along.

THE NOTION that this is the ideal time to launch a great new welfare program, the cost of which we cannot reckon with any assurance, is at least doubtful. It will surprise a great many people to discover Mr. Monyihan is surprisingly keen on the subject of inflation. This is not something he learned at the knee of Averell Harriman or his New Deal mentors. But close association with Arthur Burns before Mr. Burns went to the Federal Reserve Board taught Mr. Moynihan a lesson, and he is one of the best learners in the business. It is that inflation is perhaps the single cruellest imposition on poor people, and that when inflation is given its head, it becomes almost impossible to make the myriad adjustments necessary to achieve justice.

So that 4), shouldn't we at least wait until the economic house is in order,

cognizant precisely of the net damage that will be done if we do not control federal spending? The demagogues' easy answer that the obvious solution is to end the Vietnam war, is as satisfactory as the proposal that if we run short of concrete, we should take chunks of the nearest dam. In this vale of tears we cannot have everything and certainly we cannot have everything exactly when we want it. The ledger points to the desirability of voting, however, reluctantly, nay. □

MR. DOUGLAS' REVOLUTION

New York, April 25—The Democratic congressman who had demanded of Republican leader Gerald Ford that he be specific on the matter of why Justice William O. Douglas should be impeached, makes a good point—although it is as much his responsibility as Mr. Ford's to concern himself with whether Mr. Douglas has destroyed his usefulness, and Mr. Douglas' book is as easily available to Democrats as to Republicans. And anyway, a précis of Mr. Douglas' book appears in the current issue of a pornographic monthly readily available.

There, nestled among the pudenda, is an article by Justice Douglas entitled "Redress the Revolution," an excerpt from his book, *Points of Rebellion*. Mr. Douglas begins by talking about the generally unsatisfactory state of affairs in America today, including the recent elimination of his favorite trout stream. Then suddenly he finds himself talking about violence, which, he concedes, "has no constitutional sanctions." This he would appear to regret, because he adds immediately, "but where grievances pile high and most of the elected spokesmen represent the Establishment, violence may be the only effective response."

Mr. Douglas reaches abroad for illustrations. He recites tales of horror about life in Guatemala as related by two priests and a nun—ex-nun and ex-priest being perhaps more accurate since, post-Guatemala, they got married. Anyway, Mr. Douglas, who is supposed to be expert on the rules of evidence, passes along the extraordinary news that the Maryknoll priests, "between 1966 and 1967 . . . saw more than 2,800 intellectuals, students, labor leaders and peasants assassinated by right-wing groups because they were trying to combat the ills of Guatemalan society." An altogether astounding story, as I say. First, that there should have been 2,800 assassinations in tiny Guatemala over a one-year period without anybody knowing about it; second, that the assassinations

should have been directed against those who sought to combat rather than promote evil; but most extraordinary of all, that Guatemalan authorities should have summoned two priests and one nun to witness each and every one of said assassinations.

Mr. Douglas has at this point picked up a lot of steam, and he reports gleefully that the priests advised Guatemalan peasants who approached them, that under the circumstances, it is okay by God to use violence. Under the circumstances . . .

Mr. Douglas moves now to America. Here, he concedes, we do not turn so readily to violence. However, we do run the risk of violence—because the young generation doesn't like the way things are run in America, believing that the entire governing class is run by the special interests.

Now, he explains, the situation was very similar back in 1776. Then, Americans demanded a restructuring of our institutions. "That restructuring was not forthcoming and there was revolution."

And then, explicitly, the climax. "You must realize that today's Establishment is the new King George III. Whether it will continue to adhere to his tactics"—note, that Mr. Douglas would have us believe that the Establishment does now exercise the tyrannical practices of George III—"we do not know. If it does, the redress honored in tradition, is also revolution."

Now what Mr. Douglas has said very simply is that such conditions as legitimized revolution in 1776 now exist in America in 1970. He seems to be saying that George III—the Establishment—might well be given, for a little longer, a chance to reverse itself. But that is one man's judgment. Those who—for instance the Chicago Seven—believe that America has been given long enough to change its ways, and therefore advocate instant revolution, disagree with Mr. Douglas only on a matter of timing. What they advocate—violent revolution—is in Mr. Douglas' view, very simply, honored by tradition.

If that is not sufficient cause for impeaching an official of the government who has sworn to defend the Constitution and the execution of its laws, then nothing justifies impeachment. It is quite extraordinary that Congress should have got lathered up over the nickel and dime malversations of Justice Fortas, while sleeping on this one. If Mr. Douglas is not impeached, he may have proven by other means than he intended that indeed American society is irretrievably corrupt. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

- A. A department of the national government
7 52 156 123 185 183 65 161
- B. Ground ivy
20 74 91 186
- C. Tantamount
45 132 141 9 5 49 72 191 124 19
- D. Monetary or pecuniary
57 22 142 62 171 167 106 158 73
- E. Admiring looks or regard
79 55 21 117 122 131 180 189 196 89
- F. Unscramble WOLF DOWN
150 115 14 139 127 160 83 98
- G. One of the names for *Proteles cristata*
153 168 26 109 85 146 129 177 194
- H. What WORD A gets
164 92 100 134 144 111 179
- I. What taxpayers get from Internal Revenue after providing it for taxeaters
4 88 34 53 66 76 38 32 67 99
- J. Do you have a file of this?
169 30 193 147
- K. A form that a girl who is beautiful but dumb will have trouble filling
170 138 82 166
- L. What racketeers should pay a tax on
182 10 17 94 23 39 64 102 105 108

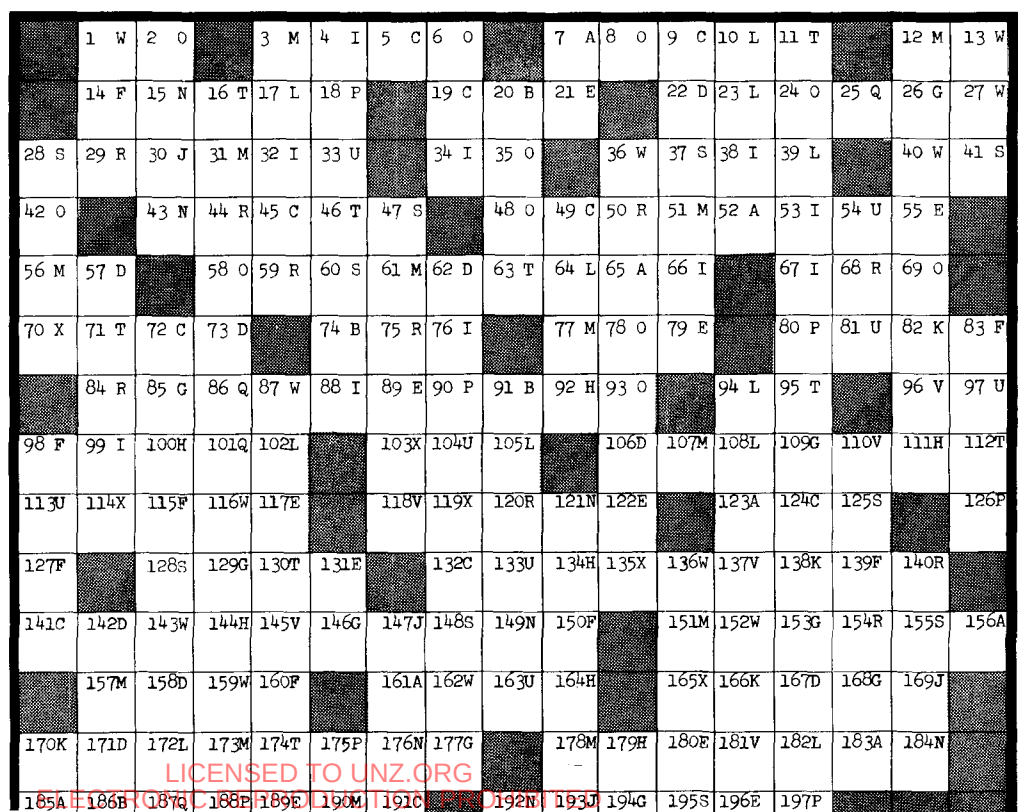
172

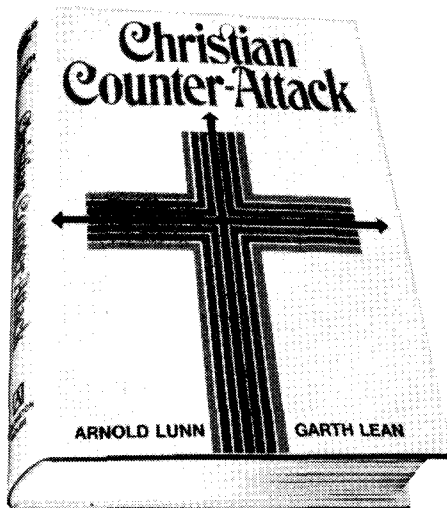
- M. What many a Southern politician started out as
190 56 77 12 31 107 157 3 51 61
151 173 178
- N. If you are this you get another exemption
192 121 149 15 176 43 184
- O. Native wit or intelligence
48 35 58 78 6 8 24 42 69 93
2
- P. The Devil!
18 188 80 90 126 175 197
- Q. A woody perennial plant
25 187 101 86
- R. A king of Magadha in the time of the Buddha
68 50 59 84 120 140 154 29 44 75
- S. The genus to which the razor fishes belong
60 125 148 195 28 41 47 37 128 155
- T. Confidential
95 16 11 130 112 71 46 174 63
- U. What you have to do to win an argument nowadays
97 133 113 33 104 81 163 54
- V. Gratification
110 181 118 137 145 96
- W. The fat of sheep extracted from membranous and fibrous matter by melting
87 27 36 40 13 116 136 143 152 159
162 1
- X. To smother
135 103 114 70 165 119

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 478 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram





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GARTH LEAN is an Episcopalian married to a Methodist. After preparatory school in Wales, where he was born in 1912, Mr. Lean took his M.A. in law at Oxford's Worcester college. For the past four years, he has been principal political columnist for the British magazine, *Time and Tide*. A previous collaborator with Sir Arnold in *The New Morality* and *The Cult of Softness*, Mr. Lean has traveled widely in the United States.

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